

LONDON:

Printed by A. SPOTTISWOODE,
New-Street-Square.

PREFACE TO THE FIFTH VOLUME.

IN spite of the satirist's assertion, that

"next to singing, the most foolish thing
Is gravely to harangue on what we sing,"—

I shall yet venture to prefix to this Volume a few introductory pages, not relating so much to the Songs which it contains as to my own thoughts and recollections respecting song-writing in general.

The close alliance known to have existed between poetry and music, during the infancy of both these arts, has sometimes led to the conclusion that they are essentially kindred to each other, and that the true poet ought to be, if not practically, at least in taste and ear, a mu-

sician. That such was the case in the early times of ancient Greece, and that her poets then not only set their own verses to music, but sung them at public festivals, there is every reason, from all we know on the subject, to believe. A similar union between the two arts attended the dawn of modern literature, in the twelfth century, and was, in a certain degree, continued down as far as the time of Petrarch, when, as it appears from his own memorandums, that poet used to sing his verses, in composing them*; and when it was the custom with all writers of sonnets and *canzoni* to prefix to their poems a sort of key-note, by which the intonation in reciting or chanting them was to be regulated.

As the practice of uniting in one individual,

* The following is a specimen of these memorandums, as given by Foscolo: — “I must make these two verses over again, singing them, and I must transpose them — 3 o'clock, A. M. 19th October.” Frequently to sonnets of that time such notices as the following were prefixed: — *Intonatum per Francum* — “ Scriptor dedit sonum.”

— whether Bard, Scald, or Troubadour, — the character and functions both of musician and poet, is known to have been invariably the mark of a rude state of society, so the gradual separation of these two callings, in accordance with that great principle of Political Economy, the division of labour, has been found an equally sure index of improving civilisation. So far, in England, indeed, has this partition of workmanship been carried, that, with the signal exception of Milton, there is not to be found, I believe, among all the eminent poets of England, a single musician. It is but fair, at the same time, to acknowledge, that out of the works of these very poets might be produced a select number of songs, surpassing, in fancy, grace, and tenderness, all that the language, perhaps, of any other country could furnish.

We witness, in our own times, — as far as the knowledge or practice of music is concerned, — a similar divorce between the two arts ; and my friend and neighbour, Mr. Bowles, is the

only distinguished poet of our day whom I can call to mind as being also a musician.* Not to dwell further, however, on living writers, the strong feeling, even to tears, with which I have seen Byron listen to some favourite melody, has been elsewhere described by me; and the musical taste of Sir Walter Scott I ought to be the last person to call in question, after the very cordial tribute he has left on record to my own untutored minstrelsy.† But I must say, that, pleased as my illustrious friend appeared really to be, when I first sung for him at Abbotsford, it was not till an evening or two after, at his own hospitable supper-table, that I saw him in his true sphere of musical enjoyment. No

* The late Rev. William Crowe, author of the noble poem of "Lewisden Hill," was likewise a musician, and has left a Treatise on English Versification, to which his knowledge of the sister art lends a peculiar interest.

So little does even the origin of the word "lyrict," as applied to poetry, seem to be present to the minds of some writers, that the poet, Young, has left us an *Essay on Lyric Poetry*, in which there is not a single allusion to Music, from beginning to end.

† *Life by Lockhart*, vol. vi. p. 128.

sooner had the *quaigh* taken its round, after our repast, than his friend, Sir Adam, was called upon, with the general acclaim of the whole table, for the song of “ Hey tuttie tattie,” and gave it out to us with all the true national relish. But it was during the chorus that Scott’s delight at this festive scene chiefly showed itself. At the end of every verse, the whole company rose from their seats, and stood round the table with arms crossed, so as to grasp the hand of the neighbour on each side. Thus interlinked, we continued to keep measure to the strain, by moving our arms up and down, all chanting forth vociferously, “ Hey tuttie tattie, Hey tuttie tattie.” Sir Walter’s enjoyment of this old Jacobite chorus,—a little increased, doubtless, by seeing how I entered into the spirit of it,—gave to the whole scene, I confess, a zest and charm in my eyes such as the finest musical performance could not have bestowed on it.

Having been thus led to allude to this visit, I am tempted to mention a few other circumstances connected with it. From Abbotsford I proceeded to Edinburgh, whither Sir Walter, in a few days after, followed; and during my short stay in that city an incident occurred, which, though already mentioned by Scott in his Diary*, and owing its chief interest to the connexion of his name with it, ought not to be omitted among these memoranda. As I had expressed a desire to visit the Edinburgh theatre, which opened but the evening before my departure, it was proposed to Sir Walter and myself, by our friend Jeffrey, that we should dine with him at an early hour, for that purpose, and both were good-natured enough to accompany me to the theatre. Having found, in a volume† sent to me by some

* "We went to the theatre together, and the house being luckily a good one, received T. M. with rapture. I could have hugged them, for it paid back the debt of the kind reception I met with in Ireland."*

† Written by Mr. Benson Hill.

anonymous correspondent, a more circumstantial account of the scene of that evening than Sir Walter has given in his Diary, I shall here avail myself of its graphic and (with one exception) accurate details. After advertiring to the sensation produced by the appearance of the late Duchess of St. Albans in one of the boxes, the writer thus proceeds:—“ There was a general buzz and stare, for a few seconds; the audience then turned their backs to the lady, and their attention to the stage, to wait till the first piece should be over ere they intended staring again. Just as it terminated, another party quietly glided into a box near that filled by the Duchess. One pleasing female was with the three male comers. In a minute the cry ran round:—‘ Eh, yon’s Sir Walter, wi’ Lockhart an’ his wife*, and wha’s the wee bit bodie wi’ the pawkie een? Wow, but it’s Tam Moore, just—Scott, Scott!

The writer was here mistaken. There was one lady of our party; but neither Mr. nor Mrs. Lockhart was present.

Moore, Moore!' — with shouts, cheers, bravos, and applause. But Scott would not rise to appropriate these tributes. One could see that he urged Moore to do so; and *he*, though modestly reluctant, at last yielded, and bowed hand on heart, with much animation. The cry for Scott was then redoubled. He gathered himself up, and, with a benevolent bend, acknowledged this deserved welcome. The orchestra played alternately Scotch and Irish Melodies."

Among the choicest of my recollections of that flying visit to Edinburgh, are the few days I passed with Lord Jeffrey at his agreeable retreat, Craig Crook. I had then recently written the words and music of a glee contained in this volume, "Ship a hoy!" which there won its first honours. So often, indeed, was I called upon to repeat it, that the upland echoes of Craig Crook ought long to have had its burden by heart.

Having thus got on Scottish ground, I find

myself awakened to the remembrance of a name which, whenever song-writing is the theme, ought to rank second to none in that sphere of poetical fame. Robert Burns was wholly unskilled in music; yet the rare art of adapting words successfully to notes, of wedding verse in congenial union with melody, which, were it not for his example, I should say none but a poet versed in the sister-art ought to attempt, has yet, by him, with the aid of a music, to which my own country's strains are alone comparable, been exercised with so workmanly a hand, as well as with so rich a variety of passion, playfulness, and power, as no songwriter, perhaps, but himself, has ever yet displayed.

That Burns, however untaught, was yet, in ear and feeling, a musician*, is clear from the

* It appears certain, notwithstanding, that he was, in his youth, wholly insensible to music. In speaking of him and his brother, Mr. Murdoch, their preceptor, says, "Robert's ear, in particular, was remarkably dull and his voice untunable. It was long before I could get him to distinguish one tune from another."

skill with which he adapts his verse to the structure and character of each different strain. Still more strikingly did he prove his fitness for this peculiar task, by the sort of instinct with which, in more than one instance, he discerned the real and innate sentiment which an air was calculated to convey, though always before associated with words expressing a totally different feeling. Thus the air of a ludicrous old song, "Fee him, father, fee him," has been made the medium of one of Burns's most pathetic effusions ; while, still more marvellously, "Hey tuttie tattie" has been elevated by him into that heroic strain, "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled ;" — a song which, in a great national crisis, would be of more avail than all the eloquence of a Demosthenes.*

I know not whether it has ever been before remarked, that the well-known lines in one of Burns's most spirited songs,

" The title's but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that,"

may possibly have been suggested by the following passage in Wycherley's play, the "Country Wife :" — "I weigh the *man*,

It was impossible that the example of Burns, in these, his higher inspirations, should not materially contribute to elevate the character of English song-writing, and even to lead to a re-union of the gifts which it requires, if not, as of old, in the same individual, yet in that perfect sympathy between poet and musician which almost amounts to identity, and of which we have seen, in our own times, so interesting an example in the few songs bearing the united names of those two sister muses, Mrs. Arkwright and the late Mrs. Hemans.

Very different was the state of the song-department of English poesy at the time when first I tried my novice hand at the lyre. The divorce between song and sense had then reached its utmost range; and to all verses connected with music, from a Birth-day Ode down to the *libretto* of the last new opera, might fairly be applied the solution Figaro gives of the quality

not his *title*; 'tis not the King's *stamp* can make the metal better."

of the words of songs, in general,—“ Ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d’être dit, on le chante.”

It may here be suggested that the convivial lyrics of Captain Morris present an exception to the general character I have given of the songs of this period; and, assuredly, had Morris written much that at all approached the following verses of his “ Reasons for Drinking,” (which I quote from recollection,) few would have equalled him either in fancy, or in that lighter kind of pathos, which comes, as in this instance, like a few melancholy notes in the middle of a gay air, throwing a soft and passing shade over mirth:—

“ My muse, too, when her wings are dry,
No frolic flights will take;
But round a bowl she’ll dip and fly,
Like swallows round a lake.
If then the nymph must have her share,
Before she’ll bless her swain,
Why, *that* I think’s a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

“ Then, many a lad I lik’d is dead,
And many a lass grown old;
And, as the lesson strikes my head,
My weary heart grows cold.

But wine awhile holds off despair,
Nay, bids a hope remain ;—
And that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again."

How far my own labours in this field—if, indeed, the gathering of such idle flowers may be so designated—have helped to advance, or even kept pace with the progressive improvement I have here described, it is not for me to presume to decide. I only know that in a strong and inborn feeling for music lies the source of whatever talent I may have shown for poetical composition; and that it was the effort to translate into language the emotions and passions which music appeared to me to express, that first led to my writing any poetry at all deserving of the name. Dryden has happily described music as being “inarticulate poetry;” and I have always felt, in adapting words to an expressive air, that I was but bestowing upon it the gift of articulation, and thus enabling it to speak to others all that was conveyed, in its wordless eloquence, to myself.

Owing to the space I was led to devote to my Irish reminiscences, in our last Volume, I found myself obliged to postpone some recollections, of a very different description, respecting the gala at Boyle Farm, by which my poem, entitled *The Summer Fête*, was suggested. In an old letter of my own, to which I have had access, giving an account of this brilliant festival to a friend in Ireland, I find some memorandums which, besides their reference to the subject of the poem, contain some incidents also connected with the first appearance before the public of one of the most successful of all my writings, the story of the Epicurean. I shall give my extracts from this letter, in their original diary-like form, without alteration or dressing:—

June 30. 1837. — Day threatening for the Fête. Was with Lord Essex* at three o'clock,

* I cannot let pass the incidental mention here of this social and public-spirited nobleman, without expressing my strong sense of his kindly qualities, and lamenting the loss which not

and started about half an hour after. The whole road swarming with carriages and four all the way to Boyle Farm, which Lady de Roos has lent, for the occasion, to Henry;— the five givers of the *Fête*, being Lords Chesterfield, Castlereagh, Alvanley, Henry de Roos, and Robert Grosvenor, subscribing four or five hundred pounds each towards it. The arrangements all in the very best taste. The pavilion for quadrilles, on the bank of the river, with steps descending to the water, quite eastern — like what one sees in Daniel's pictures. Towards five the *élite* of the gay world was assembled — the women all looking their best, and scarce a single ugly face to be found. About half past five, sat down to dinner, 450 under a tent on the lawn, and fifty to the Royal Table in the conservatory. The Tyrolean musicians sung during dinner, and there were, after dinner, gondolas on the river, with

only society, but the cause of sound and progressive Political Reform, has sustained by his death.

Caradori, De Begnis, Velluti, &c.; singing barcarolles and rowing off occasionally, so as to let their voices die away and again return. After these succeeded a party in dominos, Madame Vestris, Fanny Ayton, &c., who rowed about in the same manner, and sung, among other things, my gondola song, "Oh come to me when daylight sets." The evening was delicious, and, as soon as it grew dark, the groves were all lighted up with coloured lamps, in different shapes and devices. A little lake near a grotto took my fancy particularly, the shrubs all round being illuminated, and the lights reflected in the water. Six-and-twenty of the prettiest girls of the world of fashion, the F * * * * t * rs, Br * d * * * ls, De R * * s's, Miss F * * ld * * * g, Miss F * x, Miss R * ss * ll, Miss B * * ly, were dressed as Rosières, and opened the quadrilles in the pavilion While talking with D—n (Lord P.'s brother), he said to me, "I never read any thing so touching as the death of

of that work be called for, he meant to produce, as examples of new and anomalous forms of versification, the following songs from the Irish Melodies:—"Oh the days are gone when Beauty bright"—"At the dead hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly,"—and, "Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheered my way." *

* I shall avail myself of this opportunity of noticing the charge brought by Mr. Bunting against Sir John Stevenson, of having made alterations in many of the airs that formed our Irish Collection. Whatever changes of this kind have been ventured upon (and they are but few and slight), the responsibility for them rests solely with me; as, leaving the Harmonist's department to my friend Stevenson, I reserved the selection and management of the melodies entirely to myself.

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EVENINGS IN GREECE.

IN thus connecting together a series of Songs by a thread of poetical narrative, my chief object has been to combine Recitation with Music, so as to enable a greater number of persons to join in the performance, by enlisting, as readers, those who may not feel willing or competent to take a part, as singers.

The Island of *Zea*, where the scene is laid, was called by the ancients *Ceos*, and was the birth-place of Simonides, Bacchylides, and other eminent persons. An account of its present state may be found in the Travels of Dr. Clarke, who says, that "it appeared to him to be the best cultivated of any of the Grecian Isles."— Vol. vi. p. 174.

T. M.

EVENINGS IN GREECE.

FIRST EVENING.

“ THE sky is bright — the breeze is fair,
“ And the mainsail flowing, full and free —
“ Our farewell word is woman’s pray’r,
“ And the hope before us — Liberty !
 “ Farewell, farewell.
“ To Greece we give our shining blades,
“ And our hearts to you, young Zean Maids !

“ The moon is in the heavens above,
“ And the wind is on the foaming sea —
“ Thus shines the star of woman’s love
 “ On the glorious strife of Liberty !
 “ Farewell, farewell.
“ To Greece we give our shining blades,
“ And our hearts to you, young Zean Maids !”

Thus sung they from the bark, that now
Turn'd to the sea its gallant prow,
Bearing within it hearts as brave,
As e'er sought Freedom o'er the wave;
And leaving on that islet's shore,
Where still the farewell beacons burn,
Friends, that shall many a day look o'er
The long, dim sea for their return.

Virgin of Heaven! speed their way —
Oh, speed their way, — the chosen flow'r,
Of Zea's youth, the hope and stay
Of parents in their wintry hour,
The love of maidens, and the pride
Of the young, happy, blushing bride,
Whose nuptial wreath has not yet died —
All, all are in that precious bark.
Which now, alas, no more is seen —
Though every eye still turns to mark
The moonlight spot where it had been.

Vainly you look. ye maidens, sires,
And mothers, your beloved are gone! —

Now may you quench those signal fires,
Whose light they long look'd back upon
From their dark deck — watching the flame
As fast it faded from their view,
With thoughts, that, but for manly shame,
Had made them droop and weep like you.
Home to your chambers ! home, and pray
For the bright coming of that day,
When, bless'd by heaven, the Cross shall sweep
The Crescent from the Ægean deep,
And your brave warriors, hastening back,
Will bring such glories in their track,
As shall, for many an age to come,
Shed light around their name and home.

There is a Fount on Zea's isle,
Round which, in soft luxuriance, smile
All the sweet flowers, of every kind,
On which the sun of Greece looks down,
Pleased as a lover on the crown
His mistress for her brow hath twined,
When he beholds each floweret there,
Himself had wish'd her most to wear ;

Here bloom'd the laurel-rose *, whose wreath
Hangs radiant round the Cypriot shrines,
And here those bramble-flowers, that breathe
Their odour into Zante's wines† :—
The splendid woodbine, that, at eve,
To grace their floral diadems,
The lovely maids of Patmos weave ‡ :—
And that fair plant, whose tangled stems
Shine like a Nereid's hair§, when spread,
Dishevell'd, o'er her azure bed ;—
All these bright children of the clime,
Each at its own most genial time,
The summer, or the year's sweet prime,)
Like beautiful earth-stars, adorn
The Valley, where that Fount is born :

* " *Nerium Oleander*. In Cyprus it retains its ancient name, *Rhododaphne*, and the Cypriots adorn their churches with the flowers on feast-days." — *Journal of Dr. Sibthorpe, Walpole's Turkey*.

† Id.

‡ *Lonicera Caprifolium*, used by the girls of Patmos for garlands.

§ *Cuscuta europaea*. " From the twisting and twining of the stems, it is compared by the Greeks to the dishevelled hair of the Nereids." — *Walpole's Turkey*.

While round, to grace its cradle green,
Groups of Velani oaks are seen,
Towering on every verdant height—
Tall, shadowy, in the evening light,
Like Genii, set to watch the birth
Of some enchanted child of earth —
Fair oaks, that over Zea's vales,
Stand with their leafy pride unfur'l'd;
While Commerce, from her thousand sails,
Scatters their fruit throughout the world!*

"Twas here — as soon as prayer and sleep
(Those truest friends to all who weep)
Had lighten'd every heart, and made
Ev'n sorrow wear a softer shade —
"Twas here, in this secluded spot,
Amid whose breathings calm and sweet
Grief might be soothed, if not forgot,
The Zean nymphs resolved to meet
Each evening now, by the same light
That saw their farewell tears that night;

* "The produce of the island in these acorns alone amounts annually to fifteen thousand quintals." — *Clarke's Travels.*

And try, if sound of lute and song,
If wandering mid the moonlight flowers
In various talk, could charm along
With lighter step, the lingering hours,
Till tidings of that Bark should come,
Or Victory waft their warriors home !

When first they met — the wonted smile
Of greeting having gleam'd awhile —
'Twould touch ev'n Moslem heart to see
The sadness that came suddenly
O'er their young brows, when they look'd round
Upon that bright, enchanted ground ;
And thought, how many a time, with those
Who now were gone to the rude wars,
They there had met, at evening's close,
And danced till morn outshone the stars !

But seldom long doth hang th' eclipse
Of sorrow o'er such youthful breasts —
The breath from her own blushing lips,
That on the maiden's mirror rests,
Not swifter, lighter from the glass,
Than sadness from her brow doth pass.

Soon did they now, as round the Well
They sat, beneath the rising moon —
And some, with voice of awe, would tell
Of midnight fays, and nymphs who dwell
In holy founts — while some would tune
Their idle lutes, that now had lain,
For days, without a single strain; —
And others, from the rest apart,
With laugh that told the lighten'd heart,
Sat, whispering in each other's ear
Secrets, that all in turn would hear; —
Soon did they find this thoughtless play
So swiftly steal their griefs away,
That many a nymph, though pleased the while,
Reproach'd her own forgetful smile,
And sigh'd to think she *could* be gay.

Among these maidens there was one,
Who to Leucadia * late had been —
Had stood, beneath the evening sun,
On its white towering cliffs, and seen

* Now Santa Maura — the island, from whose cliffs Sappho leaped into the sea.

The very spot where Sappho sung
Her swan-like music, ere she sprung
(Still holding, in that fearful leap,
By her loved lyre,) into the deep,
And dying quench'd the fatal fire,
At once, of both her heart and lyre.

Mutely they listen'd all — and well
Did the young travell'd maiden tell
Of the dread height to which that steep
Beetles above the eddying deep * —
Of the lone sea-birds, wheeling round
The dizzy edge with mournful sound —
And of those scented lilies † found
Still blooming on that fearful place —
As if call'd up by Love, to grace
The immortal spot, o'er which the last
Bright footsteps of his martyr pass'd !

* " The precipice, which is fearfully dizzy, is about one hundred and fourteen feet from the water, which is of a profound depth, as appears from the dark blue colour and the eddy that plays round the pointed and projecting rocks." — *Goodisson's Ionian Isles*.

† See Mr. Goodisson's very interesting description of all these circumstances.

While fresh to every listener's thought
These legends of Leucadia brought
All that of Sappho's hapless flame
Is kept alive, still watch'd by Fame —
The maiden, tuning her soft lute,
While all the rest stood round her, mute,
Thus sketch'd the languishment of soul,
That o'er the tender Lesbian stole ;
And, in a voice, whose thrilling tone
Fancy might deem the Lesbian's own,
One of those fervid fragments gave,
Which still, — like sparkles of Greek Fire,
Undying, ev'n beneath the wave, —
Burn on thro' Time, and ne'er expire.

SONG.

As o'er her loom the Lesbian Maid
In love-sick languor hung her head,
Unknowing where her fingers stray'd,
She weeping turn'd away, and said,
“ Oh, my sweet Mother — 'tis in vain —
“ I cannot weave, as once I wove —

“ So wilder'd is my heart and brain
“ With thinking of that youth I love ! ” *

Again the web she tried to trace,
But tears fell o'er each tangled thread;
While, looking in her mother's face,
Who watchful o'er her lean'd, she said,
“ Oh, my sweet Mother — 'tis in vain —
“ I cannot weave, as once I wove —
“ So wilder'd is my heart and brain
“ With thinking of that youth I love ! ”

A silence follow'd this sweet air,
As each in tender musing stood,
Thinking, with lips that moved in pray'r,
Of Sappho and that fearful flood :

* I have attempted, in these four lines, to give some idea of that beautiful fragment of Sappho, beginning *Γλυκεῖα μᾶτερ*, which represents so truly (as Warton remarks) “ the languor and listlessness of a person deeply in love.”

While some, who ne'er till now had known
How much their hearts resembled hers,
Felt as they made her griefs their own,
That *they*, too, were Love's worshippers.

At length a murmur, all but mute.
So faint it was, came from the lute
Of a young melancholy maid,
Whose fingers, all uncertain play'd
From chord to chord, as if in chase
Of some lost melody, some strain
Of other times, whose faded trace
She sought among those chords again.
Slowly the half-forgotten theme
(Though born in feelings ne'er forgot)
Came to her memory — as a beam
Falls broken o'er some shaded spot; —
And while her lute's sad symphony
Fill'd up each sighing pause between;
And Love himself might weep to see
What ruin comes where he hath been —
As wither'd still the grass is found
Where fays have danced their merry round —

Thus simply to the listening throng
She breath'd her melancholy song : —

SONG.

Weeping for thee, my love, through the long day,
Lonely and wearily life wears away.
Weeping for thee, my love, through the long night—
No rest in darkness, no joy in light !
Nought left but Memory, whose dreary tread
Sounds through this ruin'd heart, where all lies
dead —
Wakening the echoes of joy long fled !

Of many a stanza, this alone
Had scaped oblivion — like the one
Stray fragment of a wreck, which thrown,
With the lost vessel's name, ashore,
Tells who they were that live no more.

When thus the heart is in a vein
Of tender thought, the simplest strain

Can touch it with peculiar power —
As when the air is warm, the scent
Of the most wild and rustic flower
Can fill the whole rich element —
And, in such moods, the homeliest tone
That's link'd with feelings, once our own —
With friends or joys gone by — will be
Worth choirs of loftiest harmony !

But some there were, among the group
Of damsels there, too light of heart
To let their spirits longer droop,
Ev'n under music's melting art ;
And one upspringing, with a bound,
From a low bank of flowers, look'd round
With eyes that, though so full of light,
Had still a trembling tear within ;
And, while her fingers, in swift flight,
Flew o'er a fairy mandolin,
Thus sung the song her lover late
Had sung to her — the eve before
That joyous night, when, as of yore,
All Zea met, to celebrate
The Feast of May, on the sea-shore.

SONG.

When the Balaika*
Is heard o'er the sea,
I'll dance the Romaika
By moonlight with thee.
If waves then, advancing,
Should steal on our play,
Thy white feet, in dancing,
Shall chase them away.†

When the Balaika
Is heard o'er the sea,
Thou'l dance the Romaika,
My own love with me.

Then, at the closing
Of each merry lay,
How sweet 'tis, reposing,
Beneath the night ray !

* This word is defrauded here, I suspect, of a syllable; Dr. Clarke, if I recollect right, makes it "Balalaika."

† "I saw above thirty parties engaged in dancing the Romaika upon the sand; in some of those groups, the girl who led them chased the retreating wave."—*Douglas on the Modern Greeks.*

Or if, declining,
The moon leave the skies,
We'll talk by the shining
Of each other's eyes.

Oh then, how featly
The dance we'll renew,
Treading so fleetly
Its light mazes through*:
Till stars, looking o'er us
From heaven's high bow'rs,
Would change their bright chorus
For one dance of ours !
When the Balaika
Is heard o'er the sea,
Thou'l dance the Romaika,
My own love, with me.

* " In dancing the Romaika (says Mr. Douglas) they begin in slow and solemn step till they have gained the time, but by degrees the air becomes more sprightly; the conductress of the dance sometimes setting to her partner, sometimes darting before the rest, and leading them through the most rapid revolutions; sometimes crossing under the hands, which are held up to let her pass, and giving as much liveliness and intricacy as she can to the figures, into which she

How changingly for ever veers
The heart of youth, 'twixt smiles and tears !
Ev'n as in April, the light vane
Now points to sunshine, now to rain.
Instant this lively lay dispell'd
 The shadow from each blooming brow,
And Dancing, joyous Dancing, held
 Full empire o'er each fancy now.

But say — *what* shall the measure be ?
 “ Shall we the old Romaika tread,
(Some eager ask'd) “ as anciently
 “ 'Twas by the maids of Delos led,
“ When, slow at first, then circling fast.
“ As the gay spirits rose — at last,
“ With hand in hand, like links, enlock'd,
 “ Through the light air they seem'd to flit
“ In labyrinthine maze, that mock'd
 “ The dazzled eye that follow'd it ? ”
Some call'd aloud “ the Fountain Dance ! ” —
 While one young, dark-ey'd Amazon,

conducts her companions, while their business is to follow her in all her movements, without breaking the chain, or losing the measure.”

Whose step was air-like, and whose glance
Flash'd, like a sabre in the sun,
Sportively said, "Shame on these soft
" And languid strains we hear so oft.
" Daughters of Freedom ! have not we
" Learn'd from our lovers and our sires
" The Dance of Greece, while Greece was free —
" That Dance, where neither flutes nor lyres,
" But sword and shield clash on the ear
" A music tyrants quake to hear ? *
" Heroines of Zea, arm with me,
" And dance the dance of Victory !"

Thus saying, she, with playful grace,
Loosed the wide hat, that o'er her face
(From Anatolia† came the maid)

Hung, shadowing each sunny charm ;
And, with a fair young armourer's aid,
Fixing it on her rounded arm,
A mimic shield with pride display'd ;

* For a description of the Pyrrhic Dance see De Guys, &c.
— It appears from Apuleius (lib. x.) that this war-dance was, among the ancients, sometimes performed by females.

† See the costume of the Greek women of Natolia in *Castellan's Mœurs des Othomans*.

Then, springing tow'rs a grove that spread
Its canopy of foliage near,
Pluck'd off a lance-like twig, and said,
" To arms, to arms ! " while o'er her head
She waved the light branch, as a spear.

Promptly the laughing maidens all
Obey'd their Chief's heroic call ; —
Round the shield-arm of each was tied
Hat, turban, shawl, as chance might be ;
The grove, their verdant armoury,
Falchion and lance* alike supplied ;
And as their glossy locks, let free,
Fell down their shoulders carelessly,
You might have dream'd you saw a throng
Of youthful Thyads, by the beam
Of a May moon, bounding along
Peneus' silver-eddied† stream !

And now they stepp'd, with measured tread,
Martially, o'er the shining field ;

* The sword was the weapon chiefly used in this dance.

† Homer, Il. 2. 758.

Now, to the mimic combat led
(A heroine at each squadron's head),
Struck lance to lance and sword to shield :
While still, through every varying feat,
Their voices, heard in contrast sweet
With some, of deep but soften'd sound,
From lips of aged sires around,
Who smiling watch'd their children's play —
Thus sung the ancient Pyrrhic lay : —

SONG.

“ Raise the buckler — poise the lance —
“ Now here — now there — retreat — advance ! ”

Such were the sounds, to which the warrior boy
Danced in those happy days, when Greece was
free ;

When Sparta's youth, ev'n in the hour of joy,
Thus train'd their steps to war and victory.

“ Raise the buckler — poise the lance —
“ Now here — now there — retreat — advance ! ”
Such was the Spartan warriors' dance.

“ Grasp the falchion — gird the shield —
“ Attack — defend — do all, but yield.”

Thus did thy sons, oh Greece, one glorious night,
 Dance by a moon like this, till o'er the sea
That morning dawn'd by whose immortal light
 They nobly died for thee and liberty ! *
“ Raise the buckler — poise the lance —
“ Now here — now there — retreat — advance ! ”
Such was the Spartan heroes' dance.

Scarce had they closed this martial lay
When, flinging their light spears away,
The combatants, in broken ranks,
 All breathless from the war-field fly ;
And down, upon the velvet banks
 And flowery slopes, exhausted lie,

* It is said that Leonidas and his companions employed themselves, on the eve of the battle, in music and the gymnastic exercises of their country.

Like rosy huntresses of Thrace,
Resting at sunset from the chase.

“ Fond girls !” an aged Zean said —
One who, himself, had fought and bled,
And now, with feelings, half delight,
Half sadness, watch’d their mimic fight —
“ Fond maids ! who thus with War can jest —
“ Like Love, in Mars’s helmet drest,
“ When, in his childish innocence,
 “ Pleased with the shade that helmet flings,
“ He thinks not of the blood, that thence
 “ Is dropping o’er his snowy wings.
“ Ay — true it is, young patriot maids,
 “ If Honour’s arm still won the fray,
“ If luck but shone on righteous blades,
 “ War were a game for gods to play !
“ But, no, alas ! — hear one, who well
 “ Hath track’d the fortunes of the brave —
“ Hear *me*, in mournful ditty, tell
 “ What glory waits the patriot’s grave : ” —

SONG.

As by the shore, at break of day,
A vanquish'd Chief expiring lay,
Upon the sands, with broken sword,
 He traced his farewell to the Free ;
And, there, the last unfinish'd word
 He dying wrote was "Liberty!"

At night a Sea-bird shriek'd the knell
Of him who thus for Freedom fell ;
The words he wrote, ere evening came,
 Were cover'd by the sounding sea ;—
So pass away the cause and name
 Of him who dies for Liberty !

That tribute of subdued applause
A charm'd, but timid, audience pays,
That murmur, which a minstrel draws
 From hearts, that feel, but fear to praise,
Follow'd this song, and left a pause

Of silence after it, that hung
Like a fix'd spell on every tongue.

At length, a low and tremulous sound
Was heard from midst a group, that round
A bashful maiden stood, to hide
Her blushes, while the lute she tried —
Like roses, gathering round to veil
The song of some young nightingale,
Whose trembling notes steal out between
The cluster'd leaves, herself unseen.
And, while that voice, in tones that more
Through feeling than through weakness err'd,
Came, with a stronger sweetness, o'er
Th' attentive ear, this strain was heard : —

SONG.

I saw, from yonder silent cave*,
Two Fountains running, side by side,

* " This morning we paid our visit to the Cave of Trophonius, and the Fountains of Memory and Oblivion, just upon the water of Hercyna, which flows through stupendous rocks." — *Williams's Travels in Greece*.

The one was Mem'ry's limpid wave,
The other cold Oblivion's tide.
" Oh Love ! " said I, in thoughtless mood,
As deep I drank of Lethe's stream,
" Be all my sorrows in this flood
" Forgotten like a vanish'd dream ! "

But who could bear that gloomy blank,
Where joy was lost as well as pain ?
Quickly of Mem'ry's fount I drank,
And brought the past all back again ;
And said, " Oh Love ! whate'er my lot,
" Still let this soul to thee be true —
" Rather than have one bliss forgot,
" Be all my pains remember'd too ! "

The group that stood around, to shade
The blushes of that bashful maid,
Had, by degrees, as came the lay
More strongly forth, retired away,
Like a fair shell, whose valves divide,
To show the fairer pearl inside :

For such she was — a creature, bright
And delicate as those day-flow'rs,
Which, while they last, make up, in light
And sweetness, what they want in hours.

So rich upon the ear had grown
Her voice's melody — its tone
Gathering new courage, as it found
An echo in each bosom round —
That, ere the nymph, with downcast eye
Still on the chords, her lute laid by,
“ Another Song,” all lips exclaim'd,
And each some matchless favourite named ;
While blushing, as her fingers ran
O'er the sweet chords, she thus began :—

SONG.

Oh, Memory, how coldly
Thou paintest joy gone by :
Like rainbows, thy pictures
But mournfully shine and die.

Or, if some tints thou keepest,
That former days recall,
As o'er each line thou weepest,
Thy tears efface them all.

But, Memory, too truly
Thou paintest grief that's past;
Joy's colours are fleeting,
But those of Sorrow last.
And, while thou bring'st before us
Dark pictures of past ill,
Life's evening, closing o'er us,
But makes them darker still.

So went the moonlight hours along,
In this sweet glade; and so, with song
And witching sounds — not such as they,
The cymbalists of Ossa, play'd,
To chase the moon's eclipse away*,
But soft and holy — did each maid

* This superstitious custom of the Thessalians exists also, as Pietro della Valle tells us, among the Persians.

Lighten her heart's eclipse awhile,
And win back Sorrow to a smile.

Not far from this secluded place,
On the sea-shore a ruin stood ;—
A relic of th' extinguish'd race,
Who once look'd o'er that foamy flood,
When fair Ioulis *, by the light
Of golden sunset, on the sight
 Of mariners who sail'd that sea,
Rose, like a city of chrysolite,
Call'd from the wave by witchery.
This ruin — now by barbarous hands
 Debased into a motley shed,
Where the once splendid column stands
 Inverted on its leafy head —
Form'd, as they tell, in times of old,
 The dwelling of that bard, whose lay
Could melt to tears the stern and cold,
 And sadden, mid their mirth, the gay —

* An ancient city of Zea, the walls of which were of marble. Its remains (says Clarke) " extend from the shore, quite into a valley watered by the streams of a fountain, whence Ioulis received its name."

Simonides*, whose fame, through years
And ages past, still bright appears —
Like Hesperus, a star of tears !

'Twas hither now — to catch a view
Of the white waters, as they play'd
Silently in the light — a few
Of the more restless damsels stray'd ;
And some would linger 'mid the scent
Of hanging foliage, that perfumed
The ruin'd walls ; while others went,
Culling whatever floweret bloom'd
In the lone leafy space between,
Where gilded chambers once had been ;
Or, turning sadly to the sea,
Sent o'er the wave a sigh unblest
To some brave champion of the Free —
Thinking, alas, how cold might be,
At that still hour, his place of rest !

Meanwhile there came a sound of song
From the dark ruins — a faint strain,

* Zea was the birthplace of this poet, whose verses are by Catullus called "tears."

As if some echo, that among
Those minstrel halls had slumbered long,
Were murmuring into life again.

But, no — the nymphs knew well the tone —
A maiden of their train, who loved,
Like the night-bird, to sing alone,
Had deep into those ruins roved,
And there, all other thoughts forgot,
Was warbling o'er, in lone delight,
A lay that, on that very spot,
Her lover sung one moonlight night : —

SONG.

Ah ! where are they, who heard, in former hours,
The voice of Song in these neglected bow'rs ?
They are gone — all gone !

The youth, who told his pain in such sweet tone,
That all, who heard him, wish'd his pain their own —
He is gone — he is gone !

And she, who, while he sung, sat listening by,
And thought, to strains like these 'twere sweet to
die —

She is gone — she too is gone !

'Tis thus, in future hours, some bard will say
Of her, who hears, and him, who sings this lay —
They are gone — they both are gone !

The moon was now, from heaven's steep,
Bending to dip her silvery urn
Into the bright and silent deep —
And the young nymphs, on their return
From those romantic ruins, found
Their other playmates, ranged around
The sacred Spring, prepared to tune
Their parting hymn*, ere sunk the moon,

* These " Songs of the Well," as they were called among the ancients, still exist in Greece. *De Guys* tells us that he has seen " the young women in Prince's Island, assembled in the evening at a public well, suddenly strike up a dance, while others sung in concert to them."

To that fair Fountain, by whose stream
Their hearts had form'd so many a dream.

Who has not read the tales, that tell
Of old Eleusis' sacred Well,
Or heard what legend-songs recount
Of Syra, and its holy Fount*,
Gushing, at once, from the hard rock
 Into the laps of living flowers —
Where village maidens loved to flock,
 On summer-nights, and, like the Hours,
Link'd in harmonious dance and song,
Charm'd the unconscious night along ;
While holy pilgrims, on their way
 To Delos' isle, stood looking on,

* " The inhabitants of Syra, both ancient and modern, may be considered as the worshippers of water. The old fountain, at which the nymphs of the island assembled in the earliest ages, exists in its original state ; the same rendezvous as it was formerly, whether of love and gallantry, or of gossiping and tale-telling. It is near to the town, and the most limpid water gushes continually from the solid rock. It is regarded by the inhabitants with a degree of religious veneration ; and they preserve a tradition, that the pilgrims of old time, in their way to Delos, resorted hither for purification." — *Clarke.*

Enchanted with a scene so gay,
Nor sought their boats, till morning shone.

Such was the scene this lovely glade
And its fair inmates now display'd,
As round the Fount, in linked ring,
They went, in cadence slow and light,
And thus to that enchanted Spring
Warbled their Farewell for the night: —

SONG.

Here, while the moonlight dim
Falls on that mossy brim,
Sing we our Fountain Hymn,
Maidens of Zea !
Nothing but Music's strain,
When Lovers part in pain,
Soothes, till they meet again,
Oh, Maids of Zea !

Bright Fount, so clear and cold,
Round which the nymphs of old
Stood, with their locks of gold,

Fountain of Zea !

Not even Castaly,
Famed though its streamlet be,
Murmurs or shines like thee,

Oh, Fount of Zea !

Thou, while our hymn we sing,
Thy silver voice shalt bring,
Answering, answering,

Sweet Fount of Zea !

For, of all rills that run,
Sparkling by moon or sun,
Thou art the fairest one,

Bright Fount of Zea !

Now, by those stars that glance
Over heav'n's still expanse,
Weave we our mirthful dance,

Daughters of Zea !

Such as, in former days,
Danced they, by Dian's rays,

Where the Eurotas strays *,
Oh, Maids of Zea !

But when to merry feet
Hearts with no echo beat,
Say, can the dance be sweet?
Maidens of Zea !
No, nought but Music's strain,
When lovers part in pain,
Soothes, till they meet again,
Oh, Maids of Zea !

* “ Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi
Exercet Diana choros.” — *Virgil.*

SECOND EVENING.

SONG.

WHEN evening shades are falling
O'er Ocean's sunny sleep,
To pilgrims' hearts recalling
Their home beyond the deep ;
When, rest o'er all descending,
The shores with gladness smile,
And lutes, their echoes blending,
Are heard from isle to isle,
Then, Mary, Star of the Sea*
We pray, we pray, to thee !

The noon-day tempest over,
Now Ocean toils no more,
And wings of halcyons hover,
Where all was strife before.

* One of the titles of the Virgin : — “ *Maria illuminatrix, sive Stella Maris.* ” — *Isidor.*

Oh thus may life, in closing
Its short tempestuous day,
Beneath heaven's smile reposing,
Shine all its storms away:
Thus, Mary, Star of the Sea,
We pray, we pray, to thee !

On Helle's sea the light grew dim,
As the last sounds of that sweet hymn
Floated along its azure tide—
Floated in light, as if the lay
Had mix'd with sunset's fading ray,
And light and song together died.
So soft through evening's air had breath'd
That choir of youthful voices, wreath'd
In many-linked harmony,
That boats, then hurrying o'er the sea,
Paused, when they reach'd this fairy shore,
And linger'd till the strain was o'er.

Of those young maids who've met to fleet
In song and dance this evening's hours,

Far happier now the bosoms beat,
Than when they last adorn'd these bowers ;
For tidings of glad sound had come,
At break of day, from the far isles —
Tidings like breath of life to some —
That Zea's sons would soon wing home,
Crown'd with the light of Victory's smiles
To meet that brightest of all meeds
That wait on high, heroic deeds,
When gentle eyes that scarce, for tears,
Could trace the warrior's parting track,
Shall, like a misty morn that clears,
When the long-absent sun appears,
Shine out, all bliss, to hail him back.

How fickle still the youthful breast ! —
More fond of change than a young moon,
No joy so new was e'er possest
But Youth would leave for newer soon.
These Zean nymphs, though bright the spot,
Where first they held their evening play,
As ever fell to fairy's lot
To wanton o'er by midnight's ray,

Had now exchanged that shelter'd scene
For a wide glade beside the sea—
A lawn, whose soft expanse of green
Turn'd to the west sun smilingly,
As though, in conscious beauty bright,
It joy'd to give him light for light.

And ne'er did evening more serene
Look down from heaven on lovelier scene.
Calm lay the flood around, while fleet,
O'er the blue shining element,
Light barks, as if with fairy feet
That stirr'd not the hush'd waters, went;
Some that, ere rosy eve fell o'er
The blushing wave, with mainsail free,
Had put forth from the Attic shore,
Or the near Isle of Ebony;—
Some, Hydriot barks, that deep in caves
Beneath Colonna's pillar'd cliffs,
Had all day lurk'd, and o'er the waves
Now shot their long and dart-like skiffs.
Woe to the craft, however fleet,
These sea-hawks in their course shall meet,

Laden with juice of Lesbian vines,
Or rich from Naxos' emery mines;
For not more sure, when owllets flee
O'er the dark crags of Pendee,
Doth the night-falcon mark his prey,
Or pounce on it more fleet than they.

And what a moon now lights the glade
Where these young island nymphs are met!
Full-orb'd, yet pure, as if no shade
Had touch'd its virgin lustre yet;
And freshly bright, as if just made
By Love's own hands, of new-born light
Stol'n from his mother's star to-night.

On a bold rock, that o'er the flood
Jutted from that soft glade, there stood
A Chapel, fronting towards the sea, —
Built in some by-gone century, —
Where, nightly, as the seaman's mark,
When waves rose high or clouds were dark,
A lamp, bequeath'd by some kind Saint,
Shed o'er the wave its glimmer faint,
Waking in way-worn men a sigh
And prayer to heaven, as they went by.

'Twas there, around that rock-built shrine,
A group of maidens and their sires
Had stood to watch the day's decline,
And, as the light fell o'er their lyres,
Sung to the Queen-Star of the Sea
That soft and holy melody.

But lighter thoughts and lighter song
Now woo the coming hours along.
For, mark, where smooth the herbage lies,
Yon gay pavilion, curtain'd deep
With silken folds, through which, bright eyes,
From time to time, are seen to peep ;
While twinkling lights that, to and fro,
Beneath those veils, like meteors, go,
Tell of some spells at work, and keep
Young fancies chain'd in mute suspense,
Watching what next may shine from thence.
Nor long the pause, ere hands unseen
That mystic curtain backward drew
And all, that late but shone between,
In half caught gleams, now burst to view.
A picture 'twas of the early days
Of glorious Greece, ere yet those rays

Of rich, immortal Mind were hers
That made mankind her worshippers;
While, yet unsung, her landscapes shone
With glory lent by heaven alone;
Nor temples crown'd her nameless hills,
Nor Muse immortalised her rills;
Nor aught but the mute poesy
Of sun, and stars, and shining sea
Illumed that land of bards to be.
While, prescient of the gifted race
That yet would realm so blest adorn,
Nature took pains to deck the place
Where glorious Art was to be born.

Such was the scene that mimic stage
Of Athens and her hills portray'd;
Athens, in her first, youthful age,
Ere yet the simple violet braid*,
Which then adorn'd her, had shone down
The glory of earth's loftiest crown.
While yet undream'd, her seeds of Art
Lay sleeping in the marble mine—

* “Violet-crowned Athens.” — *Pindar.*

Sleeping till Genius bade them start
To all but life, in shapes divine ;
Till deified the quarry shone
And all Olympus stood in stone !

There, in the foreground of that scene,
On a soft bank of living green,
Sate a young nymph, with her lap full
Of newly gather'd flowers, o'er which
She graceful lean'd, intent to cull
All that was there of hue most rich,
To form a wreath, such as the eye
Of her young lover, who stood by,
With pallet mingled fresh, might choose
To fix by Painting's rainbow hues.

The wreath was form'd ; the maiden raised
Her speaking eyes to his, while he—
Oh *not* upon the flowers now gaz'd,
But on that bright look's witchery.
While, quick as if but then the thought,
Like light, had reach'd his soul, he caught
His pencil up, and, warm and true
As life itself, that love-look drew :

And, as his raptured task went on,
And forth each kindling feature shone,
Sweet voices, through the moonlight air,
From lips as moonlight fresh and pure,
Thus hail'd the bright dream passing there,
And sung the Birth of Portraiture.*

SONG.

As once a Grecian maiden wove
Her garland mid the summer bowers,
There stood a youth, with eyes of love,
To watch her while she wreath'd the flowers.
The youth was skill'd in Painting's art,
But ne'er had studied woman's brow,
Nor knew what magic hues the heart
Can shed o'er Nature's charms, till now.

CHORUS.

Blest be Love, to whom we owe
All that's fair and bright below.

* The whole of this scene was suggested by Pliny's account of the artist Pausias and his mistress Glycera, Lib. 35. c. 40.

His hand had pictured many a rose,
And sketch'd the rays that light the brook ;
But what were these, or what were those,
To woman's blush, to woman's look ?
" Oh, if such magic pow'r there be,
" This, this," he cried, " is all my prayer,
" To paint that living light I see,
" And fix the soul that sparkles there."

His prayer, as soon as breath'd, was heard ;
His pallet, touch'd by Love, grew warm,
And Painting saw her hues transferr'd
From lifeless flowers to woman's form.
Still as from tint to tint he stole,
The fair design shone out the more,
And there was now a life, a soul,
Where only colours glow'd before.

Then first carnations learn'd to speak,
And lilies into life were brought ;
While, mantling on the maiden's cheek,
Young roses kindled into thought.
Then hyacinths their darkest dyes
Upon the locks of Beauty threw ;

And violets, transform'd to eyes,
Inshrin'd a soul within their blue.

CHORUS.

Blest be Love, to whom we owe
All that's fair and bright below.
Song was cold and Painting dim
Till song and Painting learn'd from him.

Soon as the scene had closed, a cheer
Of gentle voices, old and young,
Rose from the groups that stood to hear
This tale of yore so aptly sung;
And while some nymphs, in haste to tell
The workers of that fairy spell
How crown'd with praise their task had been,
Stole in behind the curtain'd scene,
The rest, in happy converse stray'd—
Talking that ancient love-tale o'er—
Some, to the groves that skirt the glade,
Some, to the chapel by the shore,

To look what lights were on the sea,
And think of the' absent silently.

But soon that summons, known so well
Through bower and hall, in Eastern lands,
Whose sound, more sure than gong or bell,
Lovers and slaves alike commands,—
The clapping of young female hands,
Calls back the groups from rock and field
To see some new-form'd scene reveal'd ;—
And fleet and eager, down the slopes
Of the green glade, like antelopes,
When, in their thirst, they hear the sound
Of distant rills, the light nymphs bound.

Far different now the scene — a waste
Of Libyan sands, by moonlight's ray ;
An ancient well, whereon were traced,
The warning words, for such as stray
Unarmed there, “ Drink and away ! ” *

* The traveller Shaw mentions a beautiful rill in Barbary, which is received into a large basin called *Shrub wee krub*, “ Drink and away ” — there being great danger of meeting with thieves and assassins, in such places.

While, near it, from the night-ray screen'd,
And like his bells, in hush'd repose,
A camel slept — young as if wean'd
When last the star, Canopus, rose.

Such was the back-ground's silent scene; —
While nearer lay, fast slumbering too,
In a rude tent, with brow serene,
A youth whose cheeks of way-worn hue
And pilgrim-bonnet, told the tale
That he had been to Mecca's Vale:
Haply in pleasant dreams, ev'n now
Thinking the long wish'd hour is come
When, o'er the well-known porch at home,
His hand shall hang the aloe bough —
Trophy of his accomplish'd vow. †

* The Arabian shepherd has a peculiar ceremony in weaning the young camel · when the proper time arrives, he turns the camel towards the rising star, Canopus, and says, " Do you see Canopus? from this moment you taste not another drop of milk." — *Richardson.*

† "Whoever returns from a pilgrimage to Mecca hangs this plant (the mitre-shaped Aloe) over his street door, as a token of his having performed this holy journey." — *Hasselquist.*

But brief his dream — for now the call
Of the camp-chiefs from rear to van,
“ Bind on your burdens*,” wakes up all
The widely slumbering caravan ;
And thus meanwhile, to greet the ear
Of the young pilgrim as he wakes,
The song of one who, lingering near,
Had watch’d his slumber, cheerly breaks.

SONG.

Up and march ! the timbrel’s sound
Wakes the slumb’ring camp around ;
Fleet thy hour of rest hath gone,
Armed sleeper, up, and on !
Long and weary is our way
O’er the burning sands to day ;
But to pilgrim’s homeward feet
Ev’n the desert’s path is sweet.

* This form of notice to the caravans to prepare for marching was applied by Hafiz to the necessity of relinquishing the pleasures of this world, and preparing for death. — “ For me what room is there for pleasure in the bower of Beauty, when every moment the bell makes proclamation, ‘ Bind on your burdens?’ ”

When we lie at dead of night,
Looking up to heaven's light,
Hearing but the watchman's tone
Faintly chaunting "God is one*,"
Oh what thoughts then o'er us come
Of our distant village home,
Where that chaunt, when evening sets,
Sounds from all the minarets.

Cheer thee! — soon shall signal lights,
Kindling o'er the Red-Sea heights,
Kindling quick from man to man,
Hail our coming caravan† :
Think what bliss that hour will be!
Looks of home again to see,
And our names again to hear
Murmur'd out by voices dear.

* The watchmen, in the camp of the caravans, go their rounds, crying one after another, "God is one," &c. &c.

† "It was customary," says Irwin, "to light up fires on the mountains, within view of Cosseir, to give notice of the approach of the caravans that came from the Nile."

So pass'd the desert dream away,
Fleeting as his who heard this lay.
Nor long the pause between, nor moved
The spell-bound audience from that spot ;
While still, as usual, Fancy roved
On to the joy that yet was not ;—
Fancy, who hath no present home,
But builds her bower in scenes to come,
Walking for ever in a light
That flows from regions out of sight.

But see, by gradual dawn descried,
A mountain realm — rugged as e'er
Upraised to heav'n its summits bare,
Or told to earth, with frown of pride,
That Freedom's falcon nest was there,
Too high for hand of lord or king
To hood her brow, or chain her wing.

'Tis Maina's land — her ancient hills,
The abode of nymphs* — her countless rills

* — virginibus bacchata Laconis
Taygeta.

And torrents, in their downward dash,
Shining, like silver, through the shade
Of the sea-pine and flowering ash —
All with a truth so fresh pourtray'd
As wants but touch of life to be
A world of warm reality.

And now, light bounding forth, a band
Of mountaineers, all smiles, advance —
Nymphs with their lovers, hand in hand,
Link'd in the Ariadne dance* ;
And while, apart from that gay throng,
A minstrel youth, in varied song,
Tells of the loves, the joys, the ills
Of these wild children of the hills,
The rest by turns, or fierce or gay,
As war or sport inspires the lay,
Follow each change that wakes the strings,
And act what thus the lyrist sings : —

SONG.

No life is like the mountaineer's,
His home is near the sky,

* See, for an account of this dance, De Guy's Travels

Where, throned above this world, he hears
Its strife at distance die.
Or, should the sound of hostile drum
Proclaim below, " We come — we come,"
Each crag that towers in air
Gives answer, " Come who dare !"
While, like bees, from dell and dingle,
Swift the swarming warriors mingle,
And their cry " Hurra ! " will be,
" Hurra, to victory ! "

Then, when battle's hour is over,
See the happy mountain lover,
With the nymph, who'll soon be bride,
Seated blushing by his side, —
Every shadow of his lot
In her sunny smile forgot.
Oh, no life is like the mountaineer's,
His home is near the sky,
Where, throned above this world, he hears
Its strife at distance die.
Nor only thus through summer suns
His blithe existence cheerly runs —

Ev'n winter, bleak and dim,
Brings joyous hours to him ;
When, his rifle behind him flinging,
He watches the roe-buck springing,
And away, o'er the hills away
Re-echoes his glad " hurra."

Then how blest, when night is closing,
By the kindled hearth reposing,
To his rebeck's drowsy song,
He beguiles the hour along ;
Or, provoked by merry glances,
To a brisker movement dances,
Till, weary at last, in slumber's chain,
He dreams o'er chase and dance again,
Dreams, dreams them o'er again.

As slow that minstrel, at the close,
Sunk, while he sung, to feign'd repose,
Aptly did they, whose mimic art
Follow'd the changes of his lay,

Pourtray the lull, the nod, the start,
Through which, as faintly died away
His lute and voice, the minstrel pass'd,
'Till voice and lute lay hush'd at last.

But now far other song came o'er
Their startled ears — song that, at first,
As solemnly the night-wind bore
Across the wave its mournful burst,
Seem'd to the fancy, like a dirge
Of some lone Spirit of the Sea,
Singing o'er Helle's ancient surge
The requiem of her Brave and Free.

Sudden, amid their pastime, pause
The wondering nymphs ; and, as the sound
Of that strange music nearer draws,
With mute enquiring eye look round,
Asking each other what can be
The source of this sad minstrelsy ?
Nor longer can they doubt, the song
Comes from some island-bark, which now
Courses the bright waves swift along,

And soon, perhaps, beneath the brow
Of the Saint's Rock will shoot its prow.

Instantly all, with hearts that sigh'd
'Twixt fear's and fancy's influence,
Flew to the rock, and saw from thence
A red-sail'd pinnace tow'rds them glide,
Whose shadow, as it swept the spray,
Scatter'd the moonlight's smiles away.
Soon as the mariners saw that throng
From the cliff gazing, young and old,
Sudden they slack'd their sail and song,
And, while their pinnace idly roll'd
On the light surge, these tidings told :—

'Twas from an isle of mournful name,
From Missolonghi, last they came —
Sad Missolonghi, sorrowing yet
O'er him, the noblest Star of Fame
That e'er in life's young glory set! —
And now were on their mournful way,
Wafting the news through Helle's isles ; —
News that would cloud ev'n Freedom's ray,
And sadden Victory 'mid her smiles.

Their tale thus told, and heard, with pain,
Out spread the galliot's wings again ;
And, as she sped her swift career,
Again that Hymn rose on the ear —
“ Thou art not dead — thou art not dead ! ”
As oft 'twas sung, in ages flown,
Of him, the Athenian, who, to shed
A tyrant's blood, pour'd out his own.

SONG.

Thou art not dead — thou art not dead ! *
No, dearest Harmodius, no.
Thy soul, to realms above us fled,
Though, like a star, it dwells o'er head,
Still lights this world below.
Thou art not dead — thou art not dead !
No, dearest Harmodius, no.

* Φιλταδὸς Ἀρμοδίῳ οὐπω τεθνηκας.

Through isles of light, where heroes tread
And flowers ethereal blow,
Thy god-like Spirit now is led,
Thy lip, with life ambrosial fed,
Forgets all taste of woe.
Thou art not dead — thou art not dead !
No, dearest Harmodius, no.

The myrtle, round that falchion spread
Which struck the immortal blow,
Throughout all time, with leaves unshed —
The patriot's hope, the tyrant's dread —
Round Freedom's shrine shall grow.
Thou art not dead — thou art not dead !
No, dearest Harmodius, no.

Where hearts like thine have broke or bled,
Though quench'd the vital glow,
Their memory lights a flame, instead,
Which, ev'n from out the narrow bed
Of death its beams shall throw.
Thou art not dead — thou art not dead !
No, dearest Harmodius, no.

Thy name, by myriads sung and said,
From age to age shall go,
Long as the oak and ivy wed,
As bees shall haunt Hymettus' head,
Or Helle's waters flow.

Thou art not dead — thou art not dead !
No, dearest Harmodius, no.

'Mong those who linger'd listening there, —
Listening, with ear and eye, as long
As breath of night could tow'rds them bear
A murmur of that mournful song, —
A few there were, in whom the lay
Had call'd up feelings far too sad
To pass with the brief strain away,
Or turn at once to theme more glad;
And who, in mood untuned to meet
The light laugh of the happier train,
Wander'd to seek some moonlight seat
Where they might rest, in converse sweet,
Till vanish'd smiles should come again.

And seldom e'er hath noon of night
To sadness lent more soothing light.
On one side, in the dark blue sky,
Lonely and radiant, was the eye
Of Jove himself, while, on the other,
'Mong tiny stars that round her gleam'd,
The young moon, like the Roman mother
Among her living "jewels," beamed.

Touch'd by the lovely scenes around,
A pensive maid — one who, though young,
Had known what 'twas to see unwound
The ties by which her heart had clung —
Waken'd her soft tamboura's sound,
And to its faint accords thus sung: —

SONG.

Calm as, beneath its mother's eyes,
In sleep the smiling infant lies,
So, watch'd by all the stars of night,
Yon landscape sleeps in light.

And while the night-breeze dies away,
Like relics of some faded strain,
Loved voices, lost for many a day,
Seem whispering round again.
Oh youth! oh love! ye dreams, that shed
Such glory once — where are ye fled?

Pure ray of light that, down the sky,
Art pointing, like an angel's wand,
As if to guide to realms that lie
In that bright sea beyond:
Who knows but, in some brighter deep
Than even that tranquil, moon-lit main,
Some land may lie, where those who weep
Shall wake to smile again!

With cheeks that had regain'd their power
And play of smiles, — and each bright eye,
Like violets after morning's shower,
The brighter for the tears gone by,

Back to the scene such smiles should grace
These wandering nymphs their path retrace,
And reach the spot, with rapture new,
Just as the veils asunder flew,
And a fresh vision burst to view.

There, by her own bright Attic flood,
The blue-ey'd Queen of Wisdom stood ;—
Not as she haunts the sage's dreams,
With brow unveil'd, divine, severe ;
But soften'd, as on bards she beams,
When fresh from Poesy's high sphere,
A music, not her own, she brings,
And, through the veil which Fancy flings
O'er her stern features, gently sings.

But who is he — that urchin nigh,
With quiver on the rose-trees hung,
Who seems just dropp'd from yonder sky,
And stands to watch that maid, with eye
So full of thought, for one so young ? —
That child — but, silence ! lend thine ear,
And thus in song the tale thou'l hear : —

SONG.

As Love, one summer eve, was straying,
Who should he see, at that soft hour,
But young Minerva, gravely playing
Her flute within an olive bower.
I need not say, 'tis Love's opinion
That, grave or merry, good or ill,
The sex all bow to his dominion,
As woman will be woman still.

Though seldom yet the boy hath given
To learned dames his smiles or sighs,
So handsome Pallas look'd, that even,
Love quite forgot the maid was wise.
Besides, a youth of his discerning
Knew well that, by a shady rill,
At sunset hour, whate'er her learning,
A woman will be woman still.

Her flute he praised in terms extatic,—
Wishing it dumb, nor cared how soon:—
For Wisdom's notes, howe'er chromatic,
To Love seem always out of tune.

But long as he found face to flatter.

The nymph found breath to shake and thrill ;
As, weak or wise — it doesn't matter —
Woman, at heart, is woman still.

Love changed his plan, with warmth exclaiming,

“ How rosy was her lips' soft dye ! ”
And much that flute, the flatterer, blaming,
For twisting lips so sweet awry.
The nymph look'd down, beheld her features
Reflected in the passing rill,
And started, shock'd — for, ah, ye creatures !
Ev'n when divine, you're women still.

Quick from the lips it made so odious,
That graceless flute the Goddess took,
And, while yet fill'd with breath melodious,
Flung it into the glassy brook ;
Where, as its vocal life was fleeting
Adown the current, faint and shrill,
'Twas heard in plaintive tone repeating,
“ Woman, alas, vain woman still ! ”

An interval of dark repose —
Such as the summer lightning knows,
'Twixt flash and flash, as still more bright
 The quick revealment comes and goes,
Opening each time the veils of night,
To show, within, a world of light —
Such pause, so brief, now pass'd between
This last gay vision and the scene,
 Which now its depth of light disclosed.
A bower it seem'd, an Indian bower,
 Within whose shade a nymph reposed,
Sleeping away noon's sunny hour —
Lovely as she, the Sprite, who weaves
Her mansion of sweet Durva leaves,
And there, as Indian legends say,
Dreams the long summer hours away.
And mark, how charm'd this sleeper seems
With some hid fancy — she, too, dreams !
Oh for a wizard's art to tell
 The wonders that now bless her sight !
'Tis done — a truer, holier spell
Than e'er from wizard's lip yet fell
 Thus brings her vision all to light : —

SONG.

“ Who comes so gracefully
“ Gliding along,
“ While the blue rivulet
“ Sleeps to her song;
“ Song, richly vying
“ With the faint sighing
“ Which swans, in dying,
“ Sweetly prolong?”

So sung the shepherd-boy
By the stream's side,
Watching that fairy boat
Down the flood glide,
Like a bird winging,
Through the waves bringing
That Syren, singing
To the hush'd tide.

“ Stay,” said the shepherd-boy,
“ Fairy-boat, stay,
“ Linger, sweet minstrelsy,
“ Linger, a day.”

But vain his pleading,
Past him, unheeding,
Song and boat, speeding,
Glided away.

So to our youthful eyes
 Joy and hope shone ;
So, while we gazed on them,
 Fast they flew on ;—
Like flowers, declining
 Ev'n in the twining,
One moment shining,
 And, the next, gone !

Soon as the imagined dream went by,
Uprose the nymph, with anxious eye
Turn'd to the clouds, as though some boon
 She waited from that sun-bright dome,
And marvell'd that it came not soon
 As her young thoughts would have it come.

But joy is in her glance ! — the wing
Of a white bird is seen above ;
And oh, if round his neck he bring
The long-wish'd tidings from her love,
Not half so precious in her eyes
Ev'n that high-omen'd bird* would be,
Who dooms the brow o'er which he flies
To wear a crown of Royalty.

She had herself, last evening, sent
A winged messenger, whose flight
Through the clear, roseate element,
She watch'd till, lessening out of sight,
Far to the golden West it went,
Wafting to him, her distant love,
A missive in that language wrought
Which flowers can speak, when aptly wove,
Each hue a word, each leaf a thought.

And now — oh speed of pinion, known
To Love's light messengers alone ! —
Ere yet another evening takes
Its farewell of the golden lakes,

She sees another envoy fly,
With the wish'd answer, through the sky.

SONG.

Welcome, sweet bird, through the sunny air winging,
Swift hast thou come o'er the far-shining sea,
Like Seba's dove, on thy snowy neck bringing
Love's written vows from my lover to me.
Oh, in thy absence, what hours did I number! —
Saying oft, "Idle bird, how could he rest?"
But thou art come at last, take now thy slumber,
And lull thee in dreams of all thou lov'st best.

Yet dost thou droop — even now while I utter
Love's happy welcome, thy pulse dies away;
Cheer thee, my bird — were it life's ebbing flutter,
This fondling bosom should woo it to stay.
But no — thou'rt dying — thy last task is over —
Farewell, sweet martyr to Love and to me!
The smiles thou hast waken'd by news from my lover,
Will now all be turn'd into weeping for thee.

While thus this scene of song (their last
For the sweet summer season) pass'd,
A few presiding nymphs, whose care
Watch'd over all, invisibly,
As do those guardian sprites of air,
Whose watch we feel, but cannot see,
Had from the circle — scarcely missed,
Ere they were sparkling there again —
Glided, like fairies, to assist
Their handmaids on the moonlight plain,
Where, hid by intercepting shade
From the stray glance of curious eyes,
A feast of fruits and wines was laid —
Soon to shine out, a glad surprise !

And now the moon, her ark of light
Steering through Heav'n, as tho' she bore
In safety through that deep of night,
Spirits of earth, the good, the bright,
To some remote immortal shore,
Had half-way sped her glorious way,
When, round reclined on hillocks green,

In groups, beneath that tranquil ray,
The Zeans at their feast were seen.
Gay was the picture — every maid
Whom late the lighted scene display'd,
Still in her fancy garb array'd ; —
The Arabian pilgrim, smiling here
Beside the nymph of India's sky ;
While there the Mainiote mountaineer
Whisper'd in young Minerva's ear,
And urchin Love stood laughing by.

Meantime the elders round the board,
By mirth and wit themselves made young,
High cups of juice Zacynthian pour'd,
And, while the flask went round, thus sung : —

SONG.

Up with the sparkling brimmer,
Up to the crystal rim ;
Let not a moon-beam glimmer
'Twixt the flood and brim.

When hath the world set eyes on
Aught to match this light,
Which, o'er our cup's horizon,
Dawns in bumpers bright?

Truth in a deep well lieth —
So the wise aver:
But Truth the fact denieth —
Water suits not her.
No, her abode's in brimmers.
Like this mighty cup —
Waiting till we, good swimmers,
Dive to bring her up.

Thus circled round the song of glee,
And all was tuneful mirth the while,
Save on the cheeks of some, whose smile,
As fix'd they gaze upon the sea,
Turns into paleness suddenly!

What see they there? a bright blue light
That, like a meteor, gliding o'er
The distant wave, grows on the sight,
As though 'twere wing'd to Zea's shore.

To some, 'mong those who came to gaze,
It seem'd the night-light, far away,
Of some lone fisher, by the blaze
Of pine torch, luring on his prey;
While others, as, 'twixt awe and mirth,
They breath'd the bless'd Panaya's* name,
Vow'd that such light was not of earth,
But of that drear, ill-omen'd flame,
Which mariners see on sail or mast,
When Death is coming in the blast.
While marvelling thus they stood, a maid,
Who sate apart, with downcast eye,
Nor yet had, like the rest, surveyed
That coming light which now was nigh,
Soon as it met her sight, with cry
Of pain-like joy, " 'Tis he! 'tis he!"
Loud she exclaim'd, and, hurrying by
The assembled throng, rush'd tow'rds the sea.

* The name which the Greeks give to the Virgin Mary.

At burst so wild, alarm'd, amazed,
All stood, like statues, mute, and gazed
Into each other's eyes, to seek
What meant such mood, in maid so meek ?

Till now, the tale was known to few,
But now from lip to lip it flew : —
A youth, the flower of all the band,
Who late had left this sunny shore,
When last he kiss'd that maiden's hand,
Lingering, to kiss it o'er and o'er,
By his sad brow too plainly told
The ill-omen'd thought which cross'd him then,
That once those hands should lose their hold,
They ne'er would meet on earth again !
In vain his mistress, sad as he,
But with a heart from Self as free
As generous woman's only is,
Veil'd her own fears to banish his : —
With frank rebuke, but still more vain,
Did a rough warrior, who stood by,
Call to his mind this martial strain,
His favourite once, ere Beauty's eye
Had taught his soldier-heart to sigh : —

SONG.

March ! nor heed those arms that hold thee,

Though so fondly close they come ;

Closer still will they enfold thee,

When thou bring'st fresh laurels home.

Dost thou dote on woman's brow ?

Dost thou live but in her breath ?

March ! — one hour of victory now

Wins thee woman's smile till death.

Oh what bliss, when war is over,

Beauty's long-miss'd smile to meet,

And, when wreaths our temples cover,

Lay them shining at her feet.

Who would not, that hour to reach,

Breathe out life's expiring sigh, —

Proud as waves that on the beach

Lay their war-crests down, and die.

There ! I see thy soul is burning —

She herself, who clasps thee so,

Paints, ev'n now, thy glad returning,

And, while clasping, bids thee go.

One deep sigh, to passion given,
One last glowing tear and then —
March ! — nor rest thy sword, till Heaven
Brings thee to those arms again.

Even then, e'er loth their hands could part,
A promise the youth gave, which bore
Some balm unto the maiden's heart,
That, soon as the fierce fight was o'er,
To home he'd speed, if safe and free —
Nay, ev'n if dying, still would come,
So the blest word of "Victory!"
Might be the last he'd breathe at home.
"By day," he cried, "thou'l know my bark;
"But, should I come through midnight dark,
"A blue light on the prow shall tell
"That Greece hath won, and all is well!"

Fondly the maiden, every night,
Had stolen to seek that promised light;
Nor long her eyes had now been turn'd
From watching, when the signal burn'd.

Signal of joy — for her, for all —
Fleetly the boat now nears the land,
While voices, from the shore-edge, call
For tidings of the long-wish'd band.

Oh the blest hour, when those who've been
Through peril's paths by land or sea,
Lock'd in our arms again are seen
Smiling in glad security ;
When heart to heart we fondly strain,
Questioning quickly o'er and o'er —
Then hold them off, to gaze again,
And ask, though answer'd oft before,
If they, *indeed*, are ours once more ?

Such is the scene, so full of joy,
Which welcomes now this warrior-boy,
As fathers, sisters, friends all run
Bounding to meet him — all but one,
Who, slowest on his neck to fall,
Is yet the happiest of them all.

And now behold him, circled round
With beaming faces, at that board,

While cups, with laurel foliage crown'd,
Are to the coming warriors pour'd—
Coming, as he, their herald, tol',
With blades from victory scarce yet co' ',
With hearts untouched by Moslem steel,
And wounds that home's sweet breath will heal.

“ Ere morn,” said he,—and, while he spoke,
Turn'd to the east, where, clear, and pale,
The star of dawn already broke—
“ We'll greet, on yonder wave, their sail ! ”
Then, wherefore part? all, all agree
To wait them here, beneath this bower;
And thus, while even amidst their glee,
Each eye is turn'd to watch the sea,
With song they cheer the anxious hour.

SONG.

“ 'Tis the Vine ! 'tis the Vine ! ” said the cup-loving
boy,
As he saw it spring bright from the earth,

And call'd the young Genii of Wit, Love, and Joy,
To witness and hallow its birth.

The fruit was full grown, like a ruby it flamed
Till the sun-beam that kiss'd it look'd pale :
" 'Tis the Vine ! 'tis the Vine !" ev'ry Spirit exclaim'd,
" Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail ! "

First, fleet as a bird, to the summons Wit flew,
While a light on the vine-leaves there broke,
In flashes so quick and so brilliant, all knew
" 'Twas the light from his lips as he spoke.
" Bright tree ! let thy nectar but cheer me," he
cried,
" And the fount of Wit never can fail :"
" 'Tis the Vine ! 'tis the Vine !" hills and valleys
reply,
" Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail ! "

Next, Love, as he lean'd o'er the plant to admire
Each tendril and cluster it wore,
From his rosy mouth sent such a breath of desire,
As made the tree tremble all o'er.
Oh, never did flower of the earth, sea, or sky,
Such a soul-giving odour inhale :

“ ‘Tis the Vine ! ‘tis the Vine !” all re-echo the cry,
“ Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail !”

Last, Joy, without whom even Love and Wit die,
Came to crown the bright hour with his ray ;
And scarce had that mirth-waking tree met his eye,
When a laugh spoke what Joy could not say ;—
A laugh of the heart, which was echoed around
Till, like music, it swell’d on the gale ;
“ ‘Tis the Vine ! ‘tis the Vine !” laughing myriads
resound,
“ Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail !”

TO

THE MISS FEILDINGS,

THIS VOLUME

IS INSCRIBED,

BY

THEIR FAITHFUL FRIEND AND SERVANT,

THOMAS MOORE.

LEGENDARY BALLADS.

THE VOICE.

It came o'er her sleep, like a voice of those days,
When love, only love, was the light of her ways;
And, soft as in moments of bliss long ago,
It whisper'd her name from the garden below.

“ Alas,” sigh'd the maiden, “ how fancy can cheat!
“ The world once had lips that could whisper thus
 sweet;
“ But cold now they slumber in yon fatal deep,
“ Where, oh that beside them this heart too could
 sleep!”

She sunk on her pillow—but no, 'twas in vain
To chase the illusion, that Voice came again!
She flew to the casement—but, hush'd as the grave,
In moonlight lay slumbering woodland and wave.

“ Oh sleep, come and shield me,” in anguish she said,

“ From that call of the buried, that cry of the Dead!”
And sleep came around her—but, starting, she woke,
For still from the garden that spirit Voice spoke !

“ I come,” she exclaimed, “ be thy home where it may,

“ On earth or in heaven, that call I obey ;”
Then forth through the moonlight, with heart beating fast
And loud as a death-watch, the pale maiden past.

Still round her the scene all in loneliness shone ;
And still, in the distance, that Voice led her on ;
But whither she wander’d, by wave or by shore,
None ever could tell, for she came back no more.

No, ne’er came she back,—but the watchman who stood,

That night, in the tower which o’ershadows the flood,
Saw dimly, ’tis said, o’er the moon-lighted spray,
A youth on a steed bear the maiden away.

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

THEY told her that he, to whose vows she had listen'd

Through night's fleeting hours, was a Spirit
unblest;—

Unholy the eyes, that beside her had glisten'd,

And evil the lips she in darkness had prest.

“ When next in thy chamber the bridegroom re-
clineth,

“ Bring near him thy lamp, when in slumber he lies;
“ And there, as the light o'er his dark features
shineth,

“ Thou'l see what a demon hath won all thy
sighs !”

Too fond to believe them, yet doubting, yet fearing,

When calm lay the sleeper she stole with her light;
And saw—such a vision ! — no image, appearing

To bards in their day-dreams, was ever so bright.

A youth, but just passing from childhood's sweet morning,

While round him still linger'd its innocent ray;
Though gleams, from beneath his shut eyelids gave warning

Of summer-noon lightnings that under them lay.

His brow had a grace more than mortal around it,
While, glossy as gold from a fairy-land mine,
His sunny hair hung, and the flowers that crown'd it
Seem'd fresh from the breeze of some garden divine.

Entranced stood the bride, on that miracle gazing,
What late was but love is idolatry now;
But, ah—in her tremor the fatal lamp raising—
A sparkle flew from it and dropp'd on his brow.

All's lost—with a start from his rosy sleep waking,
The Spirit flash'd o'er her his glances of fire;
Then, slow from the clasp of her snowy arms break-ing,
Thus said, in a voice more of sorrow than ire:

“ Farewell — what a dream thy suspicion hath
broken !

“ Thus ever Affection’s fond vision is crost ;
“ Dissolved are her spells when a doubt is but spoken,
“ And love, once distrusted, for ever is lost !”

HERO AND LEANDER.

“ THE night-wind is moaning with mournful sigh,
“ There gleameth no moon in the misty sky,
“ No star over Helle’s sea ;
“ Yet, yet, there is shining one holy light,
“ One love-kindled star through the deep of night,
“ To lead me, sweet Hero, to thee !”

Thus saying, he plunged in the foamy stream,
Still fixing his gaze on that distant beam

No eye but a lover’s could see ;
And still, as the surge swept over his head,
“ To-night,” he said tenderly, “ living or dead,
“ Sweet Hero, I’ll rest with thee !”

But fiercer around him the wild waves speed ;
Oh, Love ! in that hour of thy votary’s need,
Where, where could thy Spirit be ?
He struggles—he sinks—while the hurricane’s breath
Bears rudely away his last farewell in death—
“ Sweet Hero, I die for thee !”

THE LEAF AND THE FOUNTAIN.

“ TELL me, kind Seer, I pray thee,
“ So may the stars obey thee,
“ So may each airy
“ Moon-elf and fairy
“ Nightly their homage pay thee!
“ Say, by what spell, above, below,
“ In stars that wink or flowers that blow,
“ I may discover,
“ Ere night is over,
“ Whether my love loves me, or no,
“ Whether my love loves me.”

“ Maiden, the dark tree nigh thee
“ Hath charms no gold could buy thee;
“ Its stem enchanted,
“ By moon-elves planted,
“ Will all thou seek’st supply thee.
“ Climb to yon boughs that highest grow,
“ Bring thence their fairest leaf below;

“ And thou’lt discover,

“ Ere night is over,

“ Whether thy love loves thee or no,

“ Whether thy love loves thee.”

“ See, up the dark tree going,

“ With blossoms round me blowing,

“ From thence, oh Father,

“ This leaf I gather,

“ Fairest that there is growing.

“ Say, by what sign I now shall know

“ If in this leaf lie bliss or woe

“ And thus discover

“ Ere night is over,

“ Whether my love loves me or no,

“ Whether my love loves me.”

“ Fly to yon fount that’s welling

“ Where moonbeam ne’er had dwelling,

“ Dip in its water

“ That leaf, oh Daughter,

“ And mark the tale ’tis telling*;

* The ancients had a mode of divination somewhat similar to this; and we find the Emperor Adrian, when he went to

“ Watch thou if pale or bright it grow,
“ List thou, the while, that fountain’s flow,
“ And thou’lt discover
“ Whether thy lover,
“ Loved as he is, loves thee or no,
“ Loved as he is, loves thee.”

Forth flew the nymph, delighted,
To seek that fount benighted;
But, scarce a minute
The leaf lay in it,
When, lo, its bloom was blighted !
And as she ask’d, with voice of woe—
Listening, the while, that fountain’s flow—
“ Shall I recover
“ My truant lover ?”
The fountain seem’d to answer, “ No ; ”
The fountain answered, “ No.”

consult the Fountain of Castalia, plucking a bay-leaf and dipping it into the sacred water.

CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS.

A HUNTER once in that grove reclined,
To shun the noon's bright eye,
And oft he wooed the wandering wind,
To cool his brow with its sigh.
While mute lay even the wild bee's hum,
Nor breath could stir the aspen's hair,
His song was still "Sweet air, oh come!"
While Echo answered, "Come, sweet Air!"

But, hark, what sounds from the thicket rise!
What meaneth that rustling spray?
" 'Tis the white-horn'd doe," the Hunter cries,
" I have sought since break of day."
Quick o'er the sunny glade he springs,
The arrow flies from his sounding bow,
" Hilliho—hilliho!" he gaily sings,
While Echo sighs forth "Hilliho!"

Alas, 'twas not the white-horn'd doe
He saw in the rustling grove,
But the bridal veil, as pure as snow,
Of his own young wedded love.
And, ah, too sure that arrow sped,
For pale at his feet he sees her lie;—
“I die, I die,” was all she said,
While Echo murmur'd, “I die, I die!”

YOUTH AND AGE.*

“ TELL me, what’s Love ?” said Youth, one day,
To drooping Age, who crost his way.—

“ It is a sunny hour of play,

“ For which repentance dear doth pay ;

“ Repentance ! Repentance !

“ And this is Love, as wise men say.”

“ Tell me, what’s Love ?” said Youth once more,
Fearful, yet fond, of Age’s lore.—

“ Soft as a passing summer’s wind,

“ Would’st know the blight it leaves behind ?

“ Repentance ! Repentance !

“ And this is Love—when love is o’er.”

* The air, to which I have adapted these words, was composed by Mrs. Arkwright to some old verses, “ Tell me what’s love, kind shepherd, pray ?” and it has been my object to retain as much of the structure and phraseology of the original words as possible.

“ Tell me, what’s Love ? ” said Youth again,
Trusting the bliss, but not the pain.
“ Sweet as a May tree’s scented air—
“ Mark ye what bitter fruit ’twill bear,
“ Repentance ! Repentance !
“ This, this is Love—sweet Youth, beware.”

Just then, young Love himself came by,
And cast on Youth a smiling eye ;
Who could resist that glance’s ray ?
In vain did Age his warning say,
“ Repentance ! Repentance ! ”
Youth laughing went with Love away.

THE DYING WARRIOR.

A WOUNDED Chieftain, lying
By the Danube's leafy side,
Thus faintly said, in dying,
“ Oh! bear, thou foaming tide,
“ This gift to my lady-bride.”

‘Twas then, in life's last quiver,
He flung the scarf he wore
Into the foaming river,
Which, ah too quickly, bore
That pledge of one no more!

With fond impatience burning,
The Chieftain's lady stood,
To watch her love returning
In triumph down the flood,
From that day's field of blood.

But, field, alas, ill-fated !
The lady saw, instead
Of the bark whose speed she waited,
Her hero's scarf, all red
With the drops his heart had shed.

One shriek — and all was over —
Her life-pulse ceased to beat ;
The gloomy waves now cover
That bridal-flower so sweet,
And the scarf is her winding sheet !

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

“ COME, if thy magic Glass have power
“ To call up forms we sigh to see ;
“ Show me my love, in that rosy bower,
“ Where last she pledged her truth to me.”

The Wizard show'd him his Lady bright,
Where lone and pale in her bow'r she lay ;
“ True-hearted maid,” said the happy Knight,
“ She's thinking of one, who is far away.”

But, lo ! a page, with looks of joy,
Brings tidings to the Lady's ear ;
“ 'Tis,” said the Knight, “ the same bright boy,
“ Who used to guide me to my dear.”

The Lady now, from her fav'rite tree,
Hath, smiling, pluck'd a rosy flower ;
“ Such,” he exclaim'd, “ was the gift that she
“ Each morning sent me from that bower ! ”

She gives her page the blooming rose,
With looks that say, "Like lightning, fly!"
"Thus," thought the Knight, "she soothes her woes,
"By fancying, still, her true-love nigh."

But the page returns, and — oh, what a sight,
For trusting lover's eyes to see! —
Leads to that bower another Knight,
As young and, alas, as loved as he!

"Such," quoth the Youth, "is Woman's love!"
Then, darting forth, with furious bound,
Dash'd at the Mirror his iron glove,
And strew'd it all in fragments round.

MORAL.

Such ills would never have come to pass,
Had he ne'er sought that fatal view;
The Wizard would still have kept his Glass,
And the Knight still thought his Lady true.

THE PILGRIM.

STILL thus, when twilight gleam'd,
Far off his Castle seem'd,
Traced on the sky ;
And still, as fancy bore him
To those dim towers before him,
He gazed, with wishful eye,
And thought his home was nigh.

“ Hall of my Sires ! ” he said,
“ How long, with weary tread,
“ Must I toil on ?
“ Each eve, as thus I wander,
“ Thy towers seem rising yonder,
“ But, scarce hath daylight shone,
“ When, like a dream, thou’rt gone ! ”

So went the Pilgrim still,
Down dale and over hill,
Day after day ;

That glimpse of home, so cheering,
At twilight still appearing,
But still, with morning's ray,
Melting, like mist, away !

Where rests the Pilgrim now ?
Here, by this cypress bough,
Closed his career ;
That dream, of fancy's weaving,
No more his steps deceiving,
Alike past hope and fear,
The Pilgrim's home is here.

THE HIGH-BORN LADYE.

IN vain all the Knights of the Underwald wooed her,
Tho' brightest of maidens, the proudest was she;
Brave chieftains they sought, and young minstrels
they sued her,
But worthy were none of the high-born Ladye.

“ Whomsoever I wed,” said this maid, so excelling,
“ That Knight must the conqu’ror of conquerors
be;
“ He must place me in halls fit for monarchs to
dwell in;—
“ None else shall be Lord of the high-born
Ladye!”

Thus spoke the proud damsel, with scorn looking
round her
On Knights and on Nobles of highest degree;
Who humbly and hopelessly left as they found her,
And worshipp’d at distance the high-born Ladye.

At length came a Knight, from a far land to woo
her,

With plumes on his helm like the foam of the sea;
His vizor was down — but, with voice that thrill'd
through her,

He whisper'd his vows to the high-born Ladye.

“ Proud maiden ! I come with high spousals to grace
thee,

“ In me the great conqu'ror of conquerors see;
“ Enthroned in a hall fit for monarchs I'll place thee,

“ And mine thou'rt for ever, thou high-born
Ladye ! ”

The maiden she smiled, and in jewels array'd her,
Of thrones and tiaras already dreamt she;
And proud was the step, as her bridegroom convey'd
her

In pomp to his home, of that high-born Ladye.

“ But whither,” she, starting, exclaims, “ have you
led me ?

“ Here's nought but a tomb and a dark cypress
tree ;

“ Is *this* the bright palace in which thou wouldest
wed me ? ”

With scorn in her glance said the high-born
Ladye.

“ ‘Tis the home,” he replied, “ of earth’s loftiest
creatures ” —

Then lifted his helm for the fair one to see;
But she sunk on the ground — ’twas a skeleton’s
features,

And Death was the Lord of the high-born Ladye!

THE INDIAN BOAT.

'Twas midnight dark,
The seaman's bark,
Swift o'er the waters bore him,
When, through the night,
He spied a light
Shoot o'er the wave before him.
"A sail! a sail!" he cries;
"She comes from the Indian shore,
"And to-night shall be our prize,
"With her freight of golden ore:
"Sail on! sail on!"
When morning shone
He saw the gold still clearer;
But, though so fast
The waves he pass'd,
That boat seem'd never the nearer.

Bright daylight came,
And still the same

Rich bark before him floated;
While on the prize
His wishful eyes
Like any young lover's doated:
"More sail! more sail!" he cries,
While the waves o'ertop the mast;
And his bounding galley flies,
Like an arrow before the blast.
Thus on, and on,
Till day was gone,
And the moon through heaven did hie her,
He swept the main,
But all in vain,
That boat seem'd never the nigher

And many a day
To night gave way,
And many a morn succeeded:
While still his flight,
Through day and night,
That restless mariner speeded.
Who knows — who knows what seas
He is now careering o'er?

Behind, the eternal breeze,
And that mocking bark, before !
For, oh, till sky
And earth shall die,
And their death leave none to rue it,
That boat must flee
O'er the boundless sea,
And that ship in vain pursue it.

THE STRANGER.

COME list, while I tell of the heart-wounded Stranger
Who sleeps her last slumber in this haunted
ground;

Where often, at midnight, the lonely wood-ranger
Hears soft fairy music re-echo around.

None e'er knew the name of that heart-stricken lady,
Her language, though sweet, none could e'er un-
derstand;

But her features so sunn'd, and her eyelash so shady,
Bespoke her a child of some far Eastern land.

'Twas one summer night, when the village lay
sleeping,
A soft strain of melody came o'er our ears;
So sweet, but so mournful, half song and half
weeping,
Like music that Sorrow had steep'd in her tears.

We thought 'twas an anthem some angel had sung
us ;—

But, soon as the day-beams had gush'd from on high,
With wonder we saw this bright stranger among us,
All lovely and lone, as if stray'd from the sky.

Nor long did her life for this sphere seem intended,
For pale was her check, with that spirit-like hue,
Which comes when the day of this world is nigh
ended,
And light from another already shines through.

Then her eyes, when she sung — oh, but once to
have seen them —
Left thoughts in the soul that can never depart;
While her looks and her voice made a language
between them,
That spoke more than holiest words to the heart.

But she pass'd like a day-dream, no skill could
restore her —
Whate'er was her sorrow, its ruin came fast;
She died with the same spell of mystery o'er her,
That song of past days on her lips to the last.

Nor ev'n in the grave is her sad heart reposing —
Still hovers the spirit of grief round her tomb ;
For oft, when the shadows of midnight are closing,
The same strain of music is heard through the
gloom.

A MELOLOGUE

UPON

NATIONAL MUSIC.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THESE verses were written for a Benefit at the Dublin Theatre, and were spoken by Miss Smith, with a degree of success, which they owed solely to her admirable manner of reciting them. I wrote them in haste; and it very rarely happens that poetry, which has cost but little labour to the writer, is productive of any great pleasure to the reader. Under this impression, I certainly should not have published them if they had not found their way into some of the newspapers, with such an addition of errors to their own original stock, that I thought it but fair to limit their responsibility to those faults alone which really belong to them.

With respect to the title which I have invented for this Poem, I feel even more than the scruples of the Emperor Tiberius, when he humbly asked pardon of the Roman Senate for using “the outlandish term, *monopoly*.” But the truth is, having written the Poem with the sole view of serving a Benefit, I thought that an unintelligible word of this kind would not be without its attraction for the multitude, with whom, “If ‘tis not sense, at least ‘tis Greek.” To some of my readers, however, it may not be superfluous to say, that by “Melologue,” I mean that mixture of recitation and music, which is frequently adopted in the performance of Collins’s Ode on the Passions, and of which the most striking example I can remember is the prophetic speech of Joad in the Athalie of Racine.

T. M.

MEOLOGUE.

A SHORT STRAIN OF MUSIC FROM THE ORCHESTRA.

THERE breathes a language, known and felt
Far as the pure air spreads its living zone;
Wherever rage can rouse, or pity melt,
That language of the soul is felt and known.

From those meridian plains,
Where oft, of old, on some high tower,
The soft Peruvian pour'd his midnight strains,
And call'd his distant love with such sweet power,
That, when she heard the lonely lay,
Not worlds could keep her from his arms away*,

* "A certain Spaniard, one night late, met an Indian woman in the streets of Cozco, and would have taken her to his home, but she cried out, 'For God's sake, Sir, let me go; for that pipe, which you hear in yonder tower, calls me with great passion, and I cannot refuse the summons; for love constrains me to go, that I may be his wife, and he my husband.'"—*Garcilasso de la Vega*, in Sir Paul Rycaut's translation.

To the bleak climes of polar night,
Where blithe, beneath a sunless sky,
The Lapland lover bids his rein-deer fly,
And sings along the lengthening waste of snow,
Gaily as if the blessed light
Of vernal Phœbus burn'd upon his brow ;
Oh Music ! thy celestial claim
Is still resistless, still the same ;
And, faithful as the mighty sea
To the pale star that o'er its realm presides,
The spell-bound tides
Of human passion rise and fall for thee !

GREEK AIR.

List ! 'tis a Grecian maid that sings,
While, from Ilissus' silvery springs,
She draws the cool lymph in her graceful urn ;
And by her side, in Music's charm dissolving,
Some patriot youth, the glorious past revolving,
Dreams of bright days that never can return ;
When Athens nursed her olive bough,
With hands by tyrant power unchain'd ;
And braided for the muse's brow
A wreath by tyrant touch unstain'd.

When heroes trod each classic field
Where coward feet now faintly falter ;
When every arm was Freedom's shield,
And every heart was Freedom's altar !

FLOURISH OF TRUMPETS.

Hark, 'tis the sound that charms
The war-steed's wakening ears ! —
Oh ! many a mother folds her arms
Round her boy-soldier when that call she hears ;
And, though her fond heart sink with fears,
Is proud to feel his young pulse bound
With valour's fever at the sound.
See, from his native hills afar
The rude Helvetian flies to war ;
Careless for what, for whom he fights,
For slave or despot, wrongs or rights ;
A conqueror oft — a hero never —
Yet lavish of his life-blood still,
As if 'twere like his mountain rill,
And gush'd for ever !

Yes, Music, here, even here,
Amid this thoughtless, vague career,

Thy soul-felt charm asserts its wondrous power.—
There's a wild air which oft, among the rocks
Of his own loved land, at evening hour,
Is heard, when shepherds homeward pipe their
flocks,
Whose every note hath power to thrill his mind
With tenderest thoughts; to bring around his
knees
The rosy children whom he left behind,
And fill each little angel eye
With speaking tears, that ask him why
He wander'd from his hut for scenes like these.
Vain, vain is then the trumpet's brazen roar;
Sweet notes of home, of love, are all he hears;
And the stern eyes, that look'd for blood before,
Now melting, mournful, lose themselves in tears.

SWISS AIR.—“RANZ DES VACHES.”

But, wake the trumpet's blast again,
And rouse the ranks of warrior-men!
Oh War, when Truth thy arm employs,
And Freedom's spirit guides the labouring storm,
'Tis then thy vengeance takes a hallow'd form,
And, like Heaven's lightning, sacredly destroys.

Nor, Music, through thy breathing sphere,
Lives there a sound more grateful to the ear
Of Him who made all harmony,
Than the bless'd sound of fetters breaking,
And the first hymn that man, awaking
From Slavery's slumber, breathes to Liberty.

SPANISH CHORUS.

Hark ! from Spain, indignant Spain,
Bursts the bold, enthusiast strain,
Like morning's music on the air ;
And seems, in every note, to swear
By Saragossa's ruin'd streets,
By brave Gerona's deadly story,
That, while *one* Spaniard's life-blood beats,
That blood shall stain the conqueror's glory.

SPANISH AIR.—“YA DESPERTO.”

But ah ! if vain the patriot's zeal,
If neither valour's force nor wisdom's light
Can break or melt that blood-cemented seal,
Which shuts so close the book of Europe's right —
What song shall then in sadness tell
Of broken pride, of prospects shaded,

Of buried hopes, remember'd well,
Of ardour quench'd, and honour faded ?
What muse shall mourn the breathless brave,
In sweetest dirge at Memory's shrine ?
What harp shall sigh o'er Freedom's grave ?
Oh Erin, Thine !

SET OF GLEES.

MUSIC BY MOORE.

THE MEETING OF THE SHIPS.

WHEN o'er the silent seas alone,
For days and nights we've cheerless gone,
Oh they who've felt it know how sweet,
Some sunny morn a sail to meet.

Sparkling at once is ev'ry eye,
" Ship ahoy !" our joyful cry ;
While answering back the sounds we hear,
" Ship ahoy !" what cheer ? what cheer ?

Then sails are back'd, we nearer come,
Kind words are said of friends and home ;
And soon, too soon, we part with pain,
To sail o'er silent seas again.

HIP, HIP, HURRAH!

COME, fill round a bumper, fill up to the brim,
He who shrinks from a bumper I pledge not to him ;
Here's the girl that each loves, be her eye of what
hue,

Or lustre, it may, so her heart is but true.

Charge ! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra !

Come charge high, again, boy, nor let the full wine
Leave a space in the brimmer, where daylight may
shine ;

Here's "the friends of our youth—tho' of some we're
bereft,

May the links that are lost but endear what are left !"

Charge ! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra !

Once more fill a bumper — ne'er talk of the hour ;
On hearts thus united old Time has no pow'r.

May our lives, tho', alas! like the wine of to-night,
They must soon have an end, to the last flow as
bright.

Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

Quick, quick, now, I'll give you, since Time's glass
will run

Ev'n faster than ours doth, three bumpers in one;
Here's the poet who sings — here's the warrior who
fights —

Here's the statesman who speaks, in the cause of
men's rights!

Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

Come, once more, a bumper! — then drink as you
please,

Tho', *who* could fill half-way to toast such as these?
Here's our next joyous meeting — and oh when we
meet,

May our wine be as bright and our union as sweet!

Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

HUSH, HUSH!

“ Hush, hush ! ” — how well
That sweet word sounds,
When Love, the little sentinel,
Walks his night-rounds ;
Then, if a foot but dare
One rose-leaf crush,
Myriads of voices in the air
Whisper, “ Hush, hush ! ”

“ Hark, hark, 'tis he ! ”
The night elves cry,
And hush their fairy harmony,
While he steals by ;
But if his silv'ry feet
One dew-drop brush,
Voices are heard in chorus sweet,
Whispering, “ Hush, hush ! ”

THE PARTING BEFORE THE BATTLE.

HE.

On to the field, our doom is seal'd,
To conquer or be slaves :
This sun shall see our nation free,
Or set upon our graves.

SHE.

Farewell, oh farewell, my love,
May Heaven thy guardian be,
And send bright angels from above
To bring thee back to me.

HE.

On to the field, the battle-field,
Where freedom's standard waves,
This sun shall see our tyrant yield,
Or shine upon our graves.

THE WATCHMAN.

A TRIO.

WATCHMAN.

Past twelve o'clock — past twelve.

Good night, good night, my dearest —

How fast the moments fly !

'Tis time to part, thou hearest

That hateful watchman's cry.

WATCHMAN.

Past one o'clock — past one.

Yet stay a moment longer —

Alas ! why is it so,

The wish to stay grows stronger,

The more 'tis time to go ?

WATCHMAN.

Past two o'clock — past two.

Now wrap thy cloak about thee —

The hours must sure go wrong,

For when they're past without thee,
They're, oh, ten times as long.

WATCHMAN.

Past three o'clock — past three.

Again that dreadful warning !
Had ever time such flight ?
And see the sky, 'tis morning—
So now, *indeed*, good night.

WATCHMAN.

Past three o'clock — past three.

Good night, good night.

SAY, WHAT SHALL WE DANCE?

SAY, what shall we dance ?

Shall we bound along the moonlight plain,
To music of Italy, Greece, or Spain ?

Say, what shall we dance ?

Shall we, like those who rove
Through bright Grenada's grove,
To the light Bolero's measures move ?
Or choose the Guaracia's languishing lay,
And thus to its sound die away ?

Strike the gay chords,
Let us hear each strain from ev'ry shore
That music haunts, or young feet wander o'er.
Hark ! 'tis the light march, to whose measured time,
The Polish lady, by her lover led,
Delights through gay saloons with step untired to
tread,

Or sweeter still, through moonlight walks
Whose shadows serve to hide
. The blush that's raised by him who talks
Of love the while by her side,
Then comes the smooth waltz, to whose floating sound
Like dreams we go gliding around,
Say, which shall we dance? which shall we dance?

THE EVENING GUN.

REMEMBER'ST thou that setting sun,
The last I saw with thee,
When loud we heard the evening gun
Peal o'er the twilight sea?
Boom! — the sounds appear'd to sweep
Far o'er the verge of day,
Till, into realms beyond the deep,
They seem'd to die away.

Oft, when the toils of day are done,
In pensive dreams of thee,
I sit to hear that evening gun,
Peal o'er the stormy sea.
Boom! — and while, o'er billows curl'd,
The distant sounds decay,
I weep and wish, from this rough world
Like them to die away.

BALLADS, SONGS,
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

ETC.

TO-DAY, DEAREST! IS OURS.

To-DAY, dearest! is ours;
Why should Love carelessly lose it?
This life shines or low'rs
 Just as we, weak mortals, use it.
'Tis time enough, when its flow'rs decay,
 To think of the thorns of Sorrow;
And Joy, if left on the stem to-day,
 May wither before to-morrow.

Then why, dearest! so long
 Let the sweet moments fly over?
Though now, blooming and young,
 Thou hast me devoutly thy lover,
Yet Time from both, in his silent lapse,
 Some treasure may steal or borrow;
Thy charms may be less in bloom, perhaps,
 Or I less in love to-morrow.

WHEN ON THE LIP THE SIGH DELAYS.

WHEN on the lip the sigh delays,
As if 'twould linger there for ever ;
When eyes would give the world to gaze,
Yet still look down, and venture never ;
When, though with fairest nymphs we rove,
There's one we dream of more than any—
If all this is not real love,
'Tis something wond'rous like it, Fanny !

To think and ponder, when apart,
On all we've got to say at meeting ;
And yet when near, with heart to heart,
Sit mute, and listen to their beating :
To see but one bright object move,
The only moon, where stars are many—
If all this is not downright love,
I prithee say what *is*, my Fanny !

When Hope foretells the brightest, best,
Though Reason on the darkest reckons ;
When Passion drives us to the west,
Though Prudence to the eastward beckons ;
When all turns round, below, above,
And our own heads the most of any —
If this is not stark, staring love,
Then you and I are sages, Fanny.

HERE, TAKE MY HEART.

HERE, take my heart—'twill be safe in thy keeping,

While I go wand'ring o'er land and o'er sea;
Smiling or sorrowing, waking or sleeping,
What need I care, so my heart is with thee?

If, in the race we are destined to run, love,
They who have light hearts the happiest be,
Then, happier still must be they who have none, love,
And that will be *my* case when mine is with thee.

It matters not where I may now be a rover,
I care not how many bright eyes I may see;
Should Venus herself come and ask me to love her,
I'd tell her I couldn't—my heart is with thee.

And there let it lie, growing fonder and fonder—
For, even should Fortune turn truant to me,
Why, let her go—I've a treasure beyond her,
As long as my heart's out at int'rest with thee!

OH, CALL IT BY SOME BETTER NAME.

OH, call it by some better name,
For Friendship sounds too cold,
While Love is now a worldly flame,
Whose shrine must be of gold ;
And Passion, like the sun at noon,
That burns o'er all he sees,
Awhile as warm, will set as soon—
Then, call it none of these.

Imagine something purer far,
More free from stain of clay
Than Friendship, Love, or Passion are,
Yet human still as they :
And if thy lip, for love like this,
No mortal word can frame,
Go, ask of angels what it is,
And call it by that name !

POOR WOUNDED HEART.

Poor wounded heart, farewell !

Thy hour of rest is come ;

Thou soon wilt reach thy home,

Poor wounded heart, farewell !

The pain thou'l feel in breaking

Less bitter, far will be,

Than that long, deadly aching,

This life has been to thee.

There—broken heart, farewell !

The pang is o'er—

The parting pang is o'er ;

Thou now wilt bleed no more,

Poor broken heart, farewell !

No rest for thee but dying—

Like waves, whose strife is past,

On death's cold shore thus lying,

Thou sleep'st in peace at last—

Poor broken heart, farewell !

THE EAST INDIAN.

COME, May, with all thy flowers,
Thy sweetly-scented thorn,
Thy cooling ev'ning showers,
Thy fragrant breath at morn :
When May-flies haunt the willow,
When May-buds tempt the bee,
Then o'er the shining billow
My love will come to me.

From Eastern Isles she's winging
Through wat'ry wilds her way,
And on her cheek is bringing
The bright sun's orient ray :
Oh, come and court her hither,
Ye breezes mild and warm —
One winter's gale would wither
So soft, so pure a form.

The fields where she was straying
Are blest with endless light,
With zephyrs always playing
Through gardens always bright.
Then now, sweet May ! be sweeter
Than e'er thou'st been before ;
Let sighs from roses meet her
When she comes near our shore.

POOR BROKEN FLOWER.

Poor broken flow'r! what art can now recover thee?
Torn from the stem that fed thy rosy breath—
 In vain the sun-beams seek
 To warm that faded cheek;
The dews of heav'n, that once like balm fell over
 thee,
Now are but tears, to weep thy early death.

So droops the maid whose lover hath forsaken her,—
Thrown from his arms, as lone and lost as thou;
 In vain the smiles of all
 Like sun-beams round her fall;
The only smile that could from death awaken her,
That smile, alas! is gone to others now.

THE PRETTY ROSE TREE.

BEING weary of love,
I flew to the grove,
And chose me a tree of the fairest;
Saying, "Pretty Rose-tree,
"Thou my mistress shalt be,
"And I'll worship each bud thou bearest.
"For the hearts of this world are hollow,
"And fickle the smiles we follow;
"And 'tis sweet, when all
"Their witch'ries pall
"To have a pure love to fly to:
"So, my pretty Rose-tree,
"Thou my mistress shalt be,
"And the only one now I shall sigh to."

When the beautiful hue
Of thy cheek through the dew
Of morning is bashfully peeping,

“ Sweet tears,” I shall say
(As I brush them away),
“ At least there’s no art in this weeping.”
Although thou shouldst die to-morrow,
'Twill not be from pain or sorrow;
And the thorns of thy stem
Are not like them
With which men wound each other:
So my pretty Rose-tree,
Thou my mistress shalt be,
And I'll ne'er again sigh to another.

SHINE OUT, STARS !

SHINE out, Stars ! let Heav'n assemble
Round us every festal ray,
Lights that move not, lights that tremble,
All to grace this Eve of May.
Let the flow'r-beds all lie waking,
And the odours shut up there,
From their downy prisons breaking,
Fly abroad through sea and air.

And would Love, too, bring his sweetness,
With our other joys to weave,
Oh what glory, what completeness,
Then would crown this bright May Eve !
Shine out, Stars ! let night assemble
Round us every festal ray,
Lights that move not, lights that tremble,
To adorn this Eve of May.

THE YOUNG MULETEERS OF GRENADA.

Oh, the joys of our ev'ning posada,
Where, resting at close of day,
We, young Muleteers of Grenada,
Sit and sing the sunshine away ;
So merry, that even the slumbers,
That round us hung, seem gone ;
Till the lute's soft drowsy numbers
Again beguile them on.
Oh the joys, &c.

Then as each to his lov'd sultana
In sleep still breathes the sigh,
The name of some black-eyed Tirana
Escapes our lips as we lie.
Till, with morning's rosy twinkle,
Again we're up and gone—
While the mule-bell's drowsy tinkle
Beguiles the rough way on.

Oh the joys of our merry posada,
Where, resting at close of day,
We, young Muleteers of Grenada,
Thus sing the gay moments away.

TELL HER, OH, TELL HER.

TELL her, oh, tell her, the lute she left lying
Beneath the green arbour, is still lying there;
And breezes, like lovers, around it are sighing,
But not a soft whisper replies to their pray'r.

Tell her, oh, tell her, the tree that, in going,
Beside the green arbour she playfully set,
As lovely as ever is blushing and blowing,
And not a bright leaflet has fall'n from it yet.

So while away from that arbour forsaken,
The maiden is wandering, still let her be
As true as the lute, that no sighing can waken,
And blooming for ever, unchanged as the tree !

NIGHTS OF MUSIC.

NIGHTS of music, nights of loving,
Lost too soon, remember'd long,
When we went by moonlight roving,
Hearts all love and lips all song.
When this faithful lute recorded
All my spirit felt to thee ;
And that smile the song rewarded —
Worth whole years of fame to me !

Nights of song, and nights of splendour,
Fill'd with joys too sweet to last —
Joys that, like the star-light, tender,
While they shone, no shadow cast.
Though all other happy hours
From my fading mem'ry fly,
Of that star-light, of those bowers,
Not a beam, a leaf shall die !

OUR FIRST YOUNG LOVE.

OUR first young love resembles
That short but brilliant ray,
Which smiles, and weeps, and trembles
Through April's earliest day.
And not all life before us,
Howe'er its lights may play,
Can shed a lustre o'er us
Like that first April ray.

Our summer sun may squander
A blaze serener, grander ;
Our autumn beam
May, like a dream
Of heav'n, die calm away ;
But, no — let life before us
Bring all the light it may,
'Twill ne'er shed lustre o'er us
Like that first youthful ray.

BLACK AND BLUE EYES.

THE brilliant black eye
May in triumph let fly
All its darts without caring who feels 'em ;
But the soft eye of blue,
Though it scatter wounds too,
Is much better pleased when it heals 'em —
Dear Fanny !
Is much better pleased when it heals 'em.

The black eye may say,
" Come and worship my ray —
" By adoring, perhaps you may move me !"
But the blue eye, half hid,
Says, from under its lid,
" I love, and am yours, if you love me !"
Yes, Fanny !
The blue eye, half hid,
Says, from under its lid,
" I love, and am yours if you love me !"

Come tell me, then, why,
In that lovely blue eye,
Not a charm of its tint I discover ;
 Oh why should you wear
 The only blue pair
That ever said " No " to a lover ?
 Dear Fanny !
 Oh, why should you wear
 The only blue pair
That ever said " No " to a lover ?

DEAR FANNY.

“ SHE has beauty, but still you must keep your
heart cool ;

“ She has wit, but you mustn’t be caught so :”
Thus Reason advises, but Reason’s a fool,
And ’tis not the first time I have thought so,
Dear Fanny.

’Tis not the first time I have thought so.

“ She is lovely ; then love her, nor let the bliss fly ;

“ ’Tis the charm of youth’s vanishing season :”
Thus Love has advised me, and who will deny
That Love reasons much better than Reason,

Dear Fanny ?

Love reasons much better than Reason.

FROM LIFE WITHOUT FREEDOM.

FROM life without freedom, say, who would not fly?
For one day of freedom, oh ! who would not die?
Hark !—hark ! 'tis the trumpet ! the call of the
brave,

The death-song of tyrants, the dirge of the slave.
Our country lies bleeding — haste, haste to her aid ;
One arm that defends is worth hosts that invade.

In death's kindly bosom our last hope remains —
The dead fear no tyrants, the grave has no chains.
On, on to the combat ! the heroes that bleed
For virtue and mankind are heroes indeed.
And oh, ev'n if Freedom from *this* world be driven,
Despair not — at least we shall find her in heaven.

HERE'S THE BOWER.

HERE's the bower she loved so much,
And the tree she planted;
Here's the harp she used to touch—
Oh, how that touch enchanted !
Roses now unheeded sigh;
Where's the hand to wreath them ?
Songs around neglected lie ;
Where's the lip to breathe them ?
Here's the bower, &c.

Spring may bloom, but she we loved
Ne'er shall feel its sweetness ;
Time, that once so fleetly moved,
Now hath lost its fleetness.
Years were days, when here she stray'd,
Days were moments near her ;
Heaven ne'er form'd a brighter maid,
Nor Pity wept a dearer !
Here's the bower, &c.

I SAW THE MOON RISE CLEAR.

A FINLAND LOVE SONG.

I saw the moon rise clear
O'er hills and vales of snow,
Nor told my fleet rein-deer
The track I wish'd to go.
Yet quick he bounded forth ;
For well my rein-deer knew
I've but one path on earth —
The path which leads to you.

The gloom that winter cast
How soon the heart forgets,
When Summer brings, at last,
Her sun that never sets !
So dawn'd my love for you ;
So, fix'd through joy and pain,
Than summer sun more true,
'Twill never set again.

LOVE AND THE SUN-DIAL.

YOUNG Love found a Dial once, in a dark shade,
Where man ne'er had wander'd nor sunbeam play'd;
" Why thus in darkness lie?" whisper'd young
Love,

" Thou, whose gay hours in sunshine should move."
" I ne'er," said the Dial, " have seen the warm sun,
" So noonday and midnight to me, Love, are one."

Then Love took the Dial away from the shade,
And placed her where Heav'n's beam warmly play'd.
There she reclined, beneath Love's gazing eye,
While, mark'd all with sunshine, her hours flew by.
" Oh, how," said the Dial, " can any fair maid,
" That's born to be shone upon, rest in the shade?"

But night now comes on, and the sunbeam's o'er,
And Love stops to gaze on the Dial no more.

Alone and neglected, while bleak rain and winds
Are storming around her, with sorrow she finds
That Love had but number'd a few sunny hours,—
Then left the remainder to darkness and showers !

LOVE AND TIME.

'Tis said — but whether true or not
 Let bards declare who've seen 'em —
That Love and Time have only got
 One pair of wings between 'em.
In courtship's first delicious hour,
 The boy full oft can spare 'em ;
So, loitering in his lady's bower,
 He lets the grey-beard wear 'em.
Then is Time's hour of play ;
 Oh, how he flies, flies away !

But short the moments, short as bright,
 When he the wings can borrow ;
If Time to-day has had his flight,
 Love takes his turn to-morrow.
Ah ! Time and Love, your change is then
 The saddest and most trying,

When one begins to limp again,
And t'other takes to flying.
Then is Love's hour to stray ;
Oh, how he flies, flies away !

But there's a nymph, whose chains I feel,
And bless the silken fetter,
Who knows, the dear one, how to deal
With Love and Time much better.
So well she checks their wanderings,
So peacefully she pairs 'em,
That Love with her ne'er thinks of wings,
And Time for ever wears 'em.
This is Time's holyday ;
Oh, how he flies, flies away !

LOVE'S LIGHT SUMMER-CLOUD.

PAIN and sorrow shall vanish before us—
Youth may wither, but feeling will last;
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er us
Love's light summer-cloud only shall cast.

Oh, if to love thee more
Each hour I number o'er—
If this a passion be
Worthy of thee,

Then be happy, for thus I adore thee.

Charms may wither, but feeling shall last:
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,
Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.

Rest, dear bosom, no sorrows shall pain thee,
Sighs of pleasure alone shalt thou steal;
Beam, bright eyelid, no weeping shall stain thee,
Tears of rapture alone shalt thou feel.

Oh, if there be a charm
In love, to banish harm —
If pleasure's truest spell
Be to love well,
Then be happy, for thus I adore thee.
Charms may wither, but feeling shall last:
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,
Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.

LOVE, WAND'RING THROUGH THE GOLDEN MAZE.

Love, wand'ring through the golden maze
Of my beloved's hair,
Traced every lock with fond delays,
And, doting, linger'd there.
And soon he found 'twere vain to fly ;
His heart was close confined,
For, every ringlet was a tie —
A chain by beauty twined.

MERRILY EVERY BOSOM BOUNDETH.

THE TYROLESE SONG OF LIBERTY.

MERRILY every bosom boundeth,
Merrily, oh !
Where the song of Freedom soundeth,
Merrily, oh !
There the warrior's arms
Shed more splendour ;
There the maiden's charms
Shine more tender ;
Every joy the land surroundeth,
Merrily, oh ! merrily, oh !

Wearily every bosom pineth,
Wearily, oh !
Where the bond of slavery twineth
Wearily, oh !
There the warrior's dart
Hath no fleetness ;

There the maiden's heart
Hath no sweetness —
Every flower of life declineth,
Wearily, oh! wearily, oh!

Cheerily then from hill and valley,
Cheerily, oh!
Like your native fountains sally,
Cheerily, oh!
If a glorious death,
Won by bravery,
Sweeter be than breath
Sigh'd in slavery,
Round the flag of Freedom rally,
Cheerily, oh! cheerily, oh!

REMEMBER THE TIME.

THE CASTILIAN MAID.

REMEMBER the time, in La Mancha's shades,
When our moments so blissfully flew;
When you call'd me the flower of Castilian maids,
And I blush'd to be call'd so by you;
When I taught you to warble the gay seguadille,
And to dance to the light castanet;
Oh, never, dear youth, let you roam where you will,
The delight of those moments forget.

They tell me, you lovers from Erin's green isle,
Every hour a new passion can feel;
And that soon, in the light of some lovelier smile,
You'll forget the poor maid of Castile.
But they know not how brave in the battle you are,
Or they never could think you would rove;
For 'tis always the spirit most gallant in war
That is fondest and truest in love.

OH, SOON RETURN.

OUR white sail caught the evening ray,
The wave beneath us seem'd to burn,
When all the weeping maid could say
Was, "Oh, soon return!"

Through many a clime our ship was driven,
O'er many a billow rudely thrown ;
Now chill'd beneath a northern heaven,
Now sunn'd in summer's zone :
And still, where'er we bent our way,
When evening bid the west wave burn,
I fancied still I heard her say,
" Oh, soon return!"

If ever yet my bosom found
Its thoughts one moment turn'd from thee,
'Twas when the combat raged around,
And brave men look'd to me.

But though the war-field's wild alarm
For gentle Love was all unmeet,
He lent to Glory's brow the charm,
Which made even danger sweet.
And still, when victory's calm came o'er
The hearts where rage had ceased to burn,
Those parting words I heard once more,
“ Oh, soon return ! — Oh, soon return ! ”

LOVE THEE?

Love thee? — so well, so tenderly
Thou'rt loved, adored by me,
Fame, fortune, wealth, and liberty,
Were worthless without thee.
Though brimm'd with blessings, pure and rare,
Life's cup before me lay,
Unless thy love were mingled there,
I'd spurn the draught away.
Love thee? — so well, so tenderly
Thou'rt loved, adored by me,
Fame, fortune, wealth, and liberty,
Are worthless without thee.

Without thy smile, the monarch's lot
To me were dark and lone,
While, *with* it, ev'n the humblest cot
Were brighter than his throne.

Those worlds, for which the conqueror sighs,
For me would have no charms ;
My only world thy gentle eyes —
My throne thy circling arms !
Oh, yes, so well, so tenderly
Thou'rt loved, adored by me,
Whole realms of light and liberty
Were worthless without thee.

ONE DEAR SMILE.

COULDST thou look as dear as when
First I sigh'd for thee;
Couldst thou make me feel again
Every wish I breath'd thee then,
Oh, how blissful life would be!
Hopes, that now beguiling leave me,
Joys, that lie in slumber cold —
All would wake, couldst thou but give me
One dear smile like those of old.

No — there's nothing left us now,
But to mourn the past;
Vain was every ardent vow —
Never yet did Heaven allow
Love so warm, so wild, to last.
Not even hope could now deceive me —
Life itself looks dark and cold :
Oh, thou never more canst give me
One dear smile like those of old.

YES, YES, WHEN THE BLOOM

YES, yes, when the bloom of Love's boyhood is o'er,
He'll turn into friendship that feels no decay ;
And, though Time may take from him the wings he
once wore,
The charms that remain will be bright as before,
And he'll lose but his young trick of flying away.

Then let it console thee, if Love should not stay,
That Friendship our last happy moments will
crown :
Like the shadows of morning, Love lessens away,
While Friendship, like those at the closing of day,
Will linger and lengthen as life's sun goes down.

THE DAY OF LOVE.

THE beam of morning trembling
Stole o'er the mountain brook,
With timid ray resembling
Affection's early look.

Thus love begins — sweet morn of love !

The noon-tide ray ascended,
And o'er the valley's stream
Diffused a glow as splendid
As passion's riper dream.

Thus love expands — warm noon of love !

But evening came, o'ershading
The glories of the sky,
Like faith and fondness fading
From passion's alter'd eye.

Thus love declines — cold eve of love !

LUSITANIAN WAR-SONG.

THE song of war shall echo through our mountains,
Till not one hateful link remains
Of slavery's lingering chains ;
Till not one tyrant tread our plains,
Nor traitor lip pollute our fountains.
No ! never till that glorious day
Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,
Or hear, oh Peace, thy welcome lay
Resounding through her sunny mountains.

The song of war shall echo through our mountains,
Till Victory's self shall, smiling, say,
" Your cloud of foes hath pass'd away,
" And Freedom comes, with new-born ray,
" To gild your vines and light your fountains."
Oh, never till that glorious day
Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,
Or hear, sweet Peace, thy welcome lay
Resounding through her sunny mountains.

THE YOUNG ROSE.

THE young rose I give thee, so dewy and bright,
Was the flow'ret most dear to the sweet bird of night,
Who oft, by the moon, o'er her blushes hath hung,
And thrill'd every leaf with the wild lay he sung.

Oh, take thou this young rose, and let her life be
Prolong'd by the breath she will borrow from thee;
For, while o'er her bosom thy soft notes shall thrill,
She'll think the sweet night-bird is courting her still.

WHEN 'MIDST THE GAY I MEET.

WHEN 'midst the gay I meet
That gentle smile of thine,
Though still on me it turns most sweet,
I scarce can call it mine :
But when to me alone
Your secret tears you show,
Oh, then I feel those tears my own,
And claim them while they flow.
Then still with bright looks bless
The gay, the cold, the free ;
Give smiles to those who love you less,
But keep your tears for me.

The snow on Jura's steep
Can smile in many a beam,
Yet still in chains of coldness sleep,
How bright soe'er it seem.

But, when some deep-felt ray,
Whose touch is fire, appears,
Oh, then the smile is warm'd away,
And, melting, turns to tears.
Then still with bright looks bless
The gay, the cold, the free;
Give smiles to those who love you less,
But keep your tears for me.

WHEN TWILIGHT DEWS.

WHEN twilight dews are falling soft
Upon the rosy sea, love,
I watch the star, whose beam so oft
Has lighted me to thee, love.
And thou too, on that orb so dear,
Dost often gaze at even,
And think, though lost for ever here,
Thou'l yet be mine in heaven.

There's not a garden walk I tread,
There's not a flower I see, love,
But brings to mind some hope that's fled,
Some joy that's gone with thee, love.
And still I wish that hour was near,
When, friends and foes forgiven,
The pains, the ills we've wept through here,
May turn to smiles in heaven.

YOUNG JESSICA.

YOUNG Jessica sat all the day,
With heart o'er idle love-thoughts pining ;
Her needle bright beside her lay,
So active once !—now idly shining.
Ah, Jessy, 'tis in idle hearts
That love and mischief are most nimble ;
The safest shield against the darts
Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.

The child, who with a magnet plays,
Well knowing all its arts, so wily,
The tempter near a needle lays,
And laughing says, "We'll steal it slyly."
The needle, having nought to do,
Is pleased to let the magnet wheedle ;
Till closer, closer come the two,
And—off, at length, elopes the needle.

Now, had this needle turn'd its eye
To some gay reticule's construction,
It ne'er had stray'd from duty's tie,
Nor felt the magnet's sly seduction.
Thus, girls, would you keep quiet hearts,
Your snowy fingers must be nimble ;
The safest shield against the darts
Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.

HOW HAPPY, ONCE.

How happy, once, tho' wing'd with sighs,

My moments flew along,

While looking on those smiling eyes,

And list'ning to thy magic song !

But vanish'd now, like summer dreams,

Those moments smile no more ;

For me that eye no longer beams,

That song for me is o'er.

Mine the cold brow,

That speaks thy alter'd vow,

While others feel thy sunshine now.

Oh, could I change my love like thee,

One hope might yet be mine —

Some other eyes as bright to see,

And hear a voice as sweet as thine :

But never, never can this heart

Be waked to life again ;

With thee it lost its vital part,
And wither'd then !
Cold its pulse lies,
And mute are ev'n its sighs,
All other grief it now defies.

I LOVE BUT THEE.

If, after all, you still will doubt and fear me,
And think this heart to other loves will stray,
If I must swear, then, lovely doubter, hear me ;
By ev'ry dream I have when thou'rt away,
By ev'ry throb I feel when thou art near me,
I love but thee — I love but thee !

By those dark eyes, where light is ever playing,
Where Love, in depth of shadow, holds his throne,
And by those lips, which give whate'er thou'rt
saying,
Or grave or gay, a music of its own,
A music far beyond all minstrel's playing,
I love but thee — I love but thee !

By that fair brow, where Innocence reposes,
As pure as moonlight sleeping upon snow,

And by that cheek, whose fleeting blush discloses
A hue too bright to bless this world below,
And only fit to dwell on Eden's roses,
I love but thee — I love but thee !

LET JOY ALONE BE REMEMBER'D NOW.

LET thy joys alone be remember'd now,
Let thy sorrows go sleep awhile ;
Or if thought's dark cloud come o'er thy brow,
Let Love light it up with his smile.
For thus to meet, and thus to find,
That Time, whose touch can chill
Each flower of form, each grace of mind,
Hath left thee blooming still, —
Oh, joy alone should be thought of now,
Let our sorrows go sleep awhile ;
Or, should thought's dark cloud come o'er thy brow,
Let Love light it up with his smile.

When the flowers of life's sweet garden fade,
If but *one* bright leaf remain,
Of the many that once its glory made,
It is not for us to complain.

But thus to meet and thus to wake
In all Love's early bliss ;
Oh, Time all other gifts may take,
So he but leaves us this !
Then let joy alone be remember'd now,
Let our sorrows go sleep awhile ;
Or if thought's dark cloud come o'er the brow,
Let Love light it up with his smile !

LOVE THEE, DEAREST? LOVE THEE?

Love thee, dearest? love thee?
Yes, by yonder star I swear,
Which thro' tears above thee
Shines so sadly fair;
Though often dim,
With tears, like him,
Like him my truth will shine,
And — love thee, dearest? love thee?
Yes, till death I'm thine.

Leave thee, dearest? leave thee?
No, that star is not more true;
When my vows deceive thee,
He will wander too.
A cloud of night
May veil his light,
And death shall darken mine —
But — leave thee, dearest? leave thee?
No, till death I'm thine.

MY HEART AND LUTE.

I give thee all — I can no more —
Tho' poor the off'ring be ;
My heart and lute are all the store
That I can bring to thee.
A lute whose gentle song reveals
The soul of love full well ;
And, better far, a heart that feels
Much more than lute could tell.

Tho' love and song may fail, alas !
To keep life's clouds away,
At least 'twill make them lighter pass,
Or gild them if they stay.
And ev'n if Care, at moments, flings
A discord o'er life's happy strain,
Let Love but gently touch the strings,
'Twill all be sweet again !

PEACE, PEACE TO HIM THAT'S GONE!

WHEN I am dead,
Then lay my head
In some lone, distant dell,
Where voices ne'er
Shall stir the air,
Or break its silent spell.

If any sound
Be heard around,
Let the sweet bird alone,
That weeps in song,
Sing all night long,
" Peace, peace to him that's gone ! "

Yet, oh, were mine
One sigh of thine,
One pitying word from thee,
Like gleams of heaven,
To sinners given,
Would be that word to me.

Howe'er unblest,
My shade would rest
While list'ning to that tone ;—
Enough 'twould be
To hear from thee,
“ Peace, peace, to him that's gone ! ”

ROSE OF THE DESERT.

Rose of the Desert ! thou, whose blushing ray,
Lonely and lovely, fleets unseen away ;
No hand to cull thee, none to woo thy sigh, —
In vestal silence left to live and die, —
Rose of the Desert ! thus should woman be,
Shining uncourted, lone and safe, like thee.

Rose of the Garden, how unlike thy doom !
Destined for others, not thyself, to bloom :
Cull'd e'er thy beauty lives through half its day ;
A moment cherish'd, and then cast away ;
Rose of the Garden ! such is woman's lot, —
Worshipp'd, while blooming — when she fades, forgot.

'TIS ALL FOR THEE.

If life for me hath joy or light,
'Tis all from thee,
My thoughts by day, my dreams by night,
Are but of thee, of only thee.
Whate'er of hope or peace I know,
My zest in joy, my balm in woe,
To those dear eyes of thine I owe,
'Tis all from thee.

My heart, ev'n ere I saw those eyes,
Seem'd doom'd to thee ;
Kept pure till then from other ties,
'Twas all for thee, for only thee.
Like plants that sleep, till sunny May
Calls forth their life, my spirit lay,
Till, touch'd by Love's awak'ning ray,
It lived for thee, it lived for thee.

When Fame would call me to her heights,
She speaks by thee ;
And dim would shine her proudest lights,
Unshared by thee, unshared by thee.
Whene'er I seek the Muse's shrine,
Where Bards have hung their wreaths divine,
And wish those wreaths of glory mine,
'Tis all for thee, for only thee.

THE SONG OF THE OLDEN TIME.*

THERE'S a song of the olden time,
 Falling sad o'er the ear,
Like the dream of some village chime,
 Which in youth we loved to hear.
And ev'n amidst the grand and gay,
 When Music tries her gentlest art,
I never hear so sweet a lay,
 Or one that hangs so round my heart,
As that song of the olden time,
 Falling sad o'er the ear,
Like the dream of some village chime,
 Which in youth we loved to hear.

And when all of this life is gone, —
 Ev'n the hope, ling'ring now,

* In this song, which is one of the many set to music by myself, the occasional lawlessness of the metre arises, I need hardly say, from the peculiar structure of the air.

Like the last of the leaves left on
Autumn's sere and faded bough, —
'Twill seem as still those friends were near,
Who loved me in youth's early day,
If in that parting hour I hear
The same sweet notes, and die away, —
To that song of the olden time,
Breath'd, like Hope's farewell strain,
To say, in some brighter clime,
Life and youth will shine again !

WAKE THEE, MY DEAR.

WAKE thee, my dear—thy dreaming
Till darker hours will keep;
While such a moon is beaming,
'Tis wrong tow'rds Heav'n to sleep.

Moments there are we number,
Moments of pain and care,
Which to oblivious slumber
Gladly the wretch would spare.
But now, — who'd think of dreaming
When Love his watch should keep?
While such a moon is beaming,
'Tis wrong tow'rds Heaven to sleep.

If e'er the fates should sever
My life and hopes from thee, love,
The sleep that lasts for ever
Would then be sweet to me, love;

But now,—away with dreaming!
Till darker hours 'twill keep;
While such a moon is beaming,
'Tis wrong tow'rds Heaven to sleep.

THE BOY OF THE ALPS.*

LIGHTLY, Alpine rover,
Tread the mountains over;
Rude is the path thou'st yet to go;
 Snow cliffs hanging o'er thee,
 Fields of ice before thee,
While the hid torrent moans below.
Hark, the deep thunder,
Through the vales yonder!
'Tis the huge av'lanche downward cast;
 From rock to rock
 Rebounds the shock.
But courage, boy! the danger's past.
 Onward, youthful rover,
 Tread the glacier over,
Safe shalt thou reach thy home at last.

* This and the Songs that follow (as far as page 266.) have been published, with music, by Messrs. Addison and Beale, Regent Street.

On, ere light forsake thee,
Soon will dusk o'ertake thee :
O'er yon ice-bridge lies thy way !
Now, for the risk prepare thee ;
Safe it yet may bear thee,
Though 'twill melt in morning's ray.

Hark, that dread howling !
'Tis the wolf prowling, —
Scent of thy track the foe hath got ;
And cliff and shore
Resound his roar.
But courage, boy, — the danger's past !
Watching eyes have found thee,
Loving arms are round thee,
Safe hast thou reach'd thy father's cot.

FOR THEE ALONE.

FOR thee alone I brave the boundless deep,
Those eyes my light through ev'ry distant sea ;
My waking thoughts, the dream that gilds my sleep,
The noon-tide rev'rie, all are given to thee,
To thee alone, to thee alone.

Though future scenes present to Fancy's eye
Fair forms of light that crowd the distant air,
When nearer view'd, the fairy phantoms fly,
The crowds dissolve, and thou alone art there,
Thou, thou alone.

To win thy smile, I speed from shore to shore,
While Hope's sweet voice is heard in every blast,
Still whisp'ring on, that when some years are o'er,
One bright reward shall crown my toil at last,
Thy smile alone, thy smile alone.

Oh place beside the transport of that hour
All earth can boast of fair, of rich, and bright,
Wealth's radiant mines, the lofty thrones of power,—
Then ask where first thy lover's choice would
light?
On thee alone, on thee alone.

HER LAST WORDS, AT PARTING.

HER last words, at parting, how *can* I forget?

Deep treasured through life, in my heart they
shall stay;

Like music, whose charm in the soul lingers yet,
When its sounds from the ear have long melted
away.

Let Fortune assail me, her threat'nings are vain;

Those still-breathing words shall my talisman be,—
“Remember, in absence, in sorrow, and pain,
“There's one heart, unchanging, that beats but for
thee.”

From the desert's sweet well tho' the pilgrim must
hie,

Never more of that fresh-springing fountain to
taste,

He hath still of its bright drops a treasured supply,
Whose sweetness lends life to his lips through the
waste.

So, dark as my fate is still doom'd to remain,
These words shall my well in the wilderness be,—
“Remember, in absence, in sorrow, and pain,
“There's one heart, unchanging, that beats but for
thee.”

LET'S TAKE THIS WORLD AS SOME WIDE
SCENE.

LET's take this world as some wide scene,
Through which, in frail, but buoyant boat,
With skies now dark and now serene,
Together thou and I must float;
Beholding oft, on either shore,
Bright spots where we should love to stay ;
But Time plies swift his flying oar,
And away we speed, away, away.

Should chilling winds and rains come on,
We'll raise our awning 'gainst the show'r;
Sit closer till the storm is gone,
And, smiling, wait a sunnier hour.
And if that sunnier hour should shine,
We'll know its brightness cannot stay,
But happy, while 'tis thine and mine,
Complain not when it fades away.

So shall we reach at last that Fall
Down which life's currents all must go, —
The dark, the brilliant, destined all
To sink into the void below.
Nor ev'n that hour shall want its charms
If, side by side, still fond we keep,
And calmly, in each other's arms
Together link'd, go down the steep.

LOVE'S VICTORY.

SING to Love—for, oh, 'twas he
Who won the glorious day ;
Strew the wreaths of victory
Along the conqu'ror's way.
Yoke the Muses to his car,
Let them sing each trophy won ;
While his mother's joyous star
Shall light the triumph on.

Hail to Love, to mighty Love,
Let spirits sing around ;
While the hill, the dale, and grove,
With "mighty Love" resound ;
Or, should a sigh of sorrow steal
Amid the sounds thus echo'd o'er,
Twill but teach the god to feel
His victories the more.

See his wings, like amethyst
Of sunny Ind their hue ;

Bright as when, by Psyche kist,
They trembled through and through.
Flowers spring beneath his feet;
Angel forms beside him run;
While unnumber'd lips repeat
“ Love's victory is won ! ”
Hail to Love, to mighty Love, &c.

SONG OF HERCULES TO HIS DAUGHTER.*

“ I’VE been, oh, sweet daughter,
 “ To fountain and sea,
“ To seek in their water
 “ Some bright gem for thee.
“ Where diamonds were sleeping,
 “ Their sparkle I sought,
“ Where crystal was weeping,
 “ Its tears I have caught.

“ The sea-nymph I’ve courted
 “ In rich coral halls;
“ With Naiads have sported
 “ By bright waterfalls.
“ But sportive or tender,
 “ Still sought I around

* Founded on the fable reported by Arrian (in *Indicus*) of Hercules having searched the Indian Ocean, to find the pearl with which he adorned his daughter Pandæa.

“ That gem, with whose splendour
“ Thou yet shalt be crown’d.

“ And see, while I’m speaking,
“ Yon soft light afar ; —
“ The pearl I’ve been seeking
“ There floats like a star !
“ In the deep Indian Ocean
“ I see the gem shine,
“ And quick as light’s motion
“ Its wealth shall be thine.”

Then eastward, like lightning,
The hero-god flew,
His sunny looks bright’ning
The air he went through.
And sweet was the duty,
And hallow’d the hour,
Which saw thus young Beauty
Embellish’d by Power.

THE DREAM OF HOME.

WHO has not felt how sadly sweet
The dream of home, the dream of home,
Steals o'er the heart, too soon to fleet,
When far o'er sea or land we roam?
Sunlight more soft may o'er us fall,
To greener shores our bark may come;
But far more bright, more dear than all,
That dream of home, that dream of home.

Ask of the sailor youth when far
His light bark bounds o'er ocean's foam,
What charms him most, when ev'ning's star
Smiles o'er the wave? to dream of home.
Fond thoughts of absent friends and loves
At that sweet hour around him come;
His heart's best joy where'er he roves,
That dream of home, that dream of home.

THEY TELL ME THOU'RT THE FAVOUR'D
GUEST.*

THEY tell me thou'rt the favour'd guest
Of every fair and brilliant throng ;
No wit like thine to wake the jest,
No voice like thine to breathe the song ;
And none could guess, so gay thou art,
That thou and I are far apart.

Alas ! alas ! how different flows
With thee and me the time away !
Not that I wish thee sad — heav'n knows —
Still if thou can't, be light and gay ;
I only know, that without thee
The sun himself is dark to me.

* Part of a translation of some Latin verses, supposed to have been addressed by Hippolyta Taurella to her husband, during his absence at the gay court of Leo the Tenth. The verses may be found in the Appendix to Roscoe's Work.

Do I thus haste to hall and bower,
Among the proud and gay to shine ?
Or deck my hair with gem and flower,
To flatter other eyes than thine ?
Ah, no, with me love's smiles are past,
Thou had'st the first, thou had'st the last.

THE YOUNG INDIAN MAID.

THERE came a nymph dancing
 Gracefully, gracefully,
Her eye a light glancing
 Like the blue sea;
And while all this gladness
 Around her steps hung,
Such sweet notes of sadness
 Her gentle lips sung,
That ne'er while I live from my mem'ry shall fade
The song, or the look, of that young Indian maid.

Her zone of bells ringing
 Cheerily, cheerily,
Chimed to her singing
 Light echos of glee;
But in vain did she borrow
 Of mirth the gay tone,

Her voice spoke of sorrow,

And sorrow alone.

Nor e'er while I live from my mem'ry shall fade

The song, or the look, of that young Indian maid.

THE HOMeward MARCH.

Be still my heart: I hear them come:
Those sounds announce my lover near:
The march that brings our warriors home
Proclaims he'll soon be here.

Hark, the distant tread,
O'er the mountain's head,
While hills and dales repeat the sound;
And the forest deer
Stand still to hear,
As those echoing steps ring round.

Be still my heart, I hear them come,
Those sounds that speak my soldier near;
Those joyous steps seem wing'd for home,—
Rest, rest, he'll soon be here.

But hark, more faint the footsteps grow,
And now they wind to distant glades;

Not here their home, — alas, they go
To gladden happier maids !

Like sounds in a dream,
The footsteps seem,
As down the hills they die away ;
And the march, whose song
So peal'd along,
Now fades like a funeral lay.

'Tis past, 'tis o'er, — hush, heart, thy pain !
And though not here, alas, they come,
Rejoice for those, to whom that strain
Brings sons and lovers home.

WAKE UP, SWEET MELODY.

WAKE up, sweet melody !

Now is the hour

When young and loving hearts

Feel most thy power.

One note of music, by moonlight's soft ray —

Oh, 'tis worth thousands heard coldly by day.

Then wake up, sweet melody !

Now is the hour

When young and loving hearts

Feel most thy power.

Ask the fond nightingale,

When his sweet flower

Loves most to hear his song,

In her green bower ?

Oh, he will tell thee, through summer-nights long,

Fondest she lends her whole soul to his song.

Then wake up, sweet melody !
Now is the hour
When young and loving hearts
Feel most thy power.

CALM BE THY SLEEP.

CALM be thy sleep as infants' slumbers !
Pure as angel thoughts thy dreams !
May every joy this bright world numbers
Shed o'er thee their mingled beams !
Or if, where Pleasure's wing hath glided,
There ever must some pang remain,
Still be thy lot with me divided,—
Thine all the bliss, and mine the pain !

Day and night my thoughts shall hover
Round thy steps where'er they stray ;
As, ev'n when clouds his idol cover,
Fondly the Persian tracks its ray.
If this be wrong, if Heav'n offended
By worship to its creature be,
Then let my vows to both be blended,
Half breathed to Heav'n and half to thee.

THE EXILE.

NIGHT waneth fast, the morning star
Saddens with light the glimm'ring sea,
Whose waves shall soon to realms afar
Waft me from hope, from love, and thee.
Coldly the beam from yonder sky
Looks o'er the waves that onward stray ;
But colder still the stranger's eye
To him whose home is far away.

Oh, not at hour so chill and bleak,
Let thoughts of me come o'er thy breast ;
But of the lost one thin'k and speak,
When summer suns sink calm to rest.
So, as I wander, Fancy's dream
Shall bring me o'er the sunset seas,
Thy look, in every melting beam,
Thy whisper, in each dying breeze.

THE FANCY FAIR.

COME, maids and youths, for here we sell
All wond'rous things of earth and air;
Whatever wild romancers tell,
Or poets sing, or lovers swear,
You'll find at this our Fancy Fair.

Here eyes are made like stars to shine,
And kept, for years, in such repair,
That ev'n when turn'd of thirty-nine,
They'll hardly look the worse for wear,
If bought at this our Fancy Fair.

We've lots of tears for bards to shower,
And hearts that such ill usage bear,
That, though they're broken ev'ry hour,
They'll still in rhyme fresh breaking bear,
If purchased at our Fancy Fair.

As fashions change in ev'ry thing,
We've goods to suit each season's air,
Eternal friendships for the spring,
And endless loves for summer wear,—
All sold at this our Fancy Fair.

We've reputations white as snow,
That long will last, if used with care,
Nay, safe through all life's journey go,
If pack'd and mark'd as "brittle ware,"—
Just purchased at the Fancy Fair.

IF THOU WOULD'ST HAVE ME SING AND PLAY.

If thou would'st have me sing and play,
As once I play'd and sung,
First take this time-worn lute away,
And bring one freshly strung.
Call back the time when pleasure's sigh
First breathed among the strings ;
And Time himself, in flitting by,
Made music with his wings.

But how is this ? though new the lute,
And shining fresh the chords,
Beneath this hand they slumber mute,
Or speak but dreamy words.
In vain I seek the soul that dwelt
Within that once sweet shell,
Which told so warmly what it felt,
And felt what nought could tell.

Oh, ask not then for passion's lay,
From lyre so coldly strung ;
With this I ne'er can sing or play,
As once I play'd and sung.
No, bring that long-loved lute again,—
Though chill'd by years it be,
If *thou* wilt call the slumb'ring strain,
'Twill wake again for thee.

Tho' time have froz'n the tuneful stream
Of thoughts that gush'd along,
One look from thee, like summer's beam,
Will thaw them into song.
Then give, oh give, that wakening ray,
And once more blithe and young,
Thy bard again will sing and play,
As once he play'd and sung.

STILL WHEN DAYLIGHT.

STILL when daylight o'er the wave
Bright and soft its farewell gave,
I used to hear, while light was falling,
O'er the wave a sweet voice calling,
Mournfully at distance calling.

Ah ! once how blest that maid would come,
To meet her sea-boy hast'ning home ;
And through the night those sounds repeating,
Hail his bark with joyous greeting,
Joyously his light bark greeting.

But, one sad night, when winds were high,
Nor earth, nor heaven, could hear her cry,
She saw his boat come tossing over
Midnight's wave,— but not her lover !
No, never more her lover.

And still that sad dream loth to leave,
She comes with wand'ring mind at eve,
And oft we hear, when night is falling,
Faint her voice through twilight calling,
Mournfully at twilight calling.

THE SUMMER WEBS.

THE summer webs that float and shine,

The summer dews that fall,

Tho' light they be, this heart of mine

Is lighter still than all.

It tells me every cloud is past

Which lately seem'd to lour ;

That Hope hath wed young Joy at last,

And now's their nuptial hour !

With light thus round, within, above,

With nought to wake one sigh,

Except the wish, that all we love

Were at this moment nigh,—

It seems as if life's brilliant sun

Had stopp'd in full career,

To make this hour its brightest one,

And rest in radiance here.

MIND NOT THOUGH DAYLIGHT.

MIND not though daylight around us is breaking,—
Who'd think now of sleeping when morn's but just
waking?

Sound the merry viol, and daylight or not,
Be all for one hour in the gay dance forgot.

See young Aurora, up heav'n's hill advancing,
Tho' fresh from her pillow, ev'n she too is dancing :
While thus all creation, earth, heaven, and sea,
Are dancing around us, oh, why should not we ?

Who'll say that moments we use thus are wasted ?
Such sweet drops of time only flow to be tasted ;
While hearts are high beating, and harps full in tune,
The fault is all morning's for coming so soon.

THEY MET BUT ONCE.

THEY met but once, in youth's sweet hour,

And never since that day

Hath absence, time, or grief had pow'r

To chase that dream away.

They've seen the suns of other skies,

On other shores have sought delight;

But never more, to bless their eyes,

Can come a dream so bright !

They met but once, — a day was all

Of Love's young hopes they knew ;

And still their hearts that day recall,

As fresh as then it flew.

Sweet dream of youth ! oh, ne'er again

Let either meet the brow

They left so smooth and smiling then,

Or see what it is now.

For, Youth, the spell was only thine ;

From thee alone th' enchantment flows,

That makes the world around thee shine
With light thyself bestows.
They met but once, —oh, ne'er again
Let either meet the brow
They left so smooth and smiling then,
Or see what it is now.

WITH MOONLIGHT BEAMING.

WITH moonlight beaming
Thus o'er the deep,
Who'd linger dreaming
In idle sleep ?
Leave joyless souls to live by day,—
Our life begins with yonder ray ;
And while thus brightly
The moments flee,
Our barks skim lightly
The shining sea.

To halls of splendour
Let great ones hie ;
Through light more tender
Our pathways lie.
While round, from banks of brook or lake,
Our company blithe echoes make ;

And, as we lend 'em
Sweet word or strain,
Still back they send 'em,
More sweet, again.

CHILD'S SONG. FROM A MASQUE.

I HAVE a garden of my own,
Shining with flowers of every hue;
I loved it dearly while alone,
But I shall love it more with you:
And there the golden bees shall come,
In summer-time at break of morn,
And wake us with their busy hum
Around the Siha's fragrant thorn.

I have a fawn from Aden's land,
On leafy buds and berries nurst;
And you shall feed him from your hand,
Though he may start with fear at first.
And I will lead you where he lies
For shelter in the noon-tide heat;
And you may touch his sleeping eyes,
And feel his little silv'ry feet.

THE HALCYON HANGS O'ER OCEAN.

THE halcyon hangs o'er ocean,
The sea-lark skims the brine ;
This bright world's all in motion,
No heart seems sad but mine.

To walk through sun-bright places,
With heart all cold the while ;
To look in smiling faces,
When we no more can smile ;

To feel, while earth and heaven
Around thee shine with bliss,
To thee no light is given,—
Oh, what a doom is this !

THE WORLD WAS HUSH'D.

THE world was hush'd, the moon above
Sail'd through ether slowly,
When, near the casement of my love,
Thus I whisper'd lowly, —
“ Awake, awake, how canst thou sleep ?
“ The field I seek to-morrow
“ Is one where man hath fame to reap,
“ And woman gleans but sorrow.”

“ Let battle's field be what it may,”
Thus spoke a voice replying,
“ Think not thy love, while thou'rt away,
“ Will here sit idly sighing.
“ No — woman's soul, if not for fame,
“ For love can brave all danger !”
Then forth from out the casement came
A plumed and armed stranger.

A stranger? No; 'twas she, the maid,
Herself before me beaming,
With casque array'd, and falchion blade
Beneath her girdle gleaming!
Close side by side, in freedom's fight,
That blessed morning found us;
In Vict'ry's light we stood ere night,
And Love, the morrow, crown'd us!

THE TWO LOVES.

THERE are two Loves, the poet sings,
Both born of Beauty at a birth:
The one, akin to heaven, hath wings,
The other, earthly, walks on earth.
With *this* through bowers below we play,
With *that* through clouds above we soar;
With both, perchance, may lose our way:—
Then, tell me which,
Tell me which shall we adore?

The one, when tempted down from air,
At Pleasure's fount to lave his lip,
Nor lingers long, nor oft will dare
His wing within the wave to dip.
While, plunging deep and long beneath,
The other bathes him o'er and o'er
In that sweet current, ev'n to death:—
Then, tell me which,
Tell me which shall we adore?

The boy of heav'n, even while he lies
In Beauty's lap, recalls his home;
And when most happy, only sighs
For something happier still to come.
While he of earth, too fully blest
With this bright world to dream of more,
Sees all his heav'n on Beauty's breast:—
Then, tell me which,
Tell me which shall we adore?

The maid who heard the poet sing
These twin-desires of earth and sky,
And saw, while one inspired his string,
The other glisten'd in his eye,—
To name the earthlier boy ashamed,
To choose the other fondly loath,
At length, all blushing, she exclaim'd,—
“ Ask not which,
“ Oh, ask not which — we'll worship both.

“ Th' extremes of each thus taught to shun,
“ With hearts and souls between them given,
“ When weary of this earth with one,
“ We'll with the other wing to heaven.”

Thus pledged the maid her vow of bliss;
And while *one* Love wrote down the oath,
The other seal'd it with a kiss;
And Heav'n look'd on,
Heav'n look'd on, and hallow'd both.

THE LEGEND OF PUCK THE FAIRY.

WOULD'st know what tricks, by the pale moonlight,
Are play'd by me, the merry little Sprite,
Who wing through air from the camp to the court,
From king to clown, and of all make sport;

Singing, I am the Sprite
Of the merry midnight,

Who laugh at weak mortals, and love the moon-
light.

To a miser's bed, where he snoring slept
And dreamt of his cash, I slyly crept;
Chink, chink o'er his pillow like money I rang,
And he waked to catch — but away I sprang,

Singing, I am the Sprite, &c.

I saw through the leaves, in a damsel's bower,
She was waiting her love at that starlight hour:
“ Hist — hist !” quoth I, with an amorous sigh,
And she flew to the door, but away flew I,

Singing, I am the Sprite, &c.

While a bard sat inditing an óde to his love,
Like a pair of blue meteors I stared from above,
And he swoon'd — for he thought 'twas the ghost,
 poor man !

Of his lady's eyes, while away I ran,
 Singing, I am the Sprite, &c.

BEAUTY AND SONG.

Down in yon summer vale,
Where the rill flows,
Thus said a Nightingale
To his loved Rose:—
“ Though rich the pleasures
“ Of song’s sweet measures,
“ Vain were its melody,
“ Rose, without thee.”

Then from the green recess
Of her night-bow’r,
Beaming with bashfulness,
Spoke the bright flow’r:—
“ Though morn should lend her
“ Its sunniest splendour,
“ What would the Rose be,
“ Unsung by thee?”

Thus still let Song attend
Woman's bright way ;
Thus still let woman lend
Light to the lay.
Like stars, through heaven's sea,
Floating in harmony,
Beauty should glide along,
Circled by Song.

WHEN THOU ART NIGH.

WHEN thou art nigh, it seems
A new creation round;
The sun hath fairer beams,
The lute a softer sound.
Though thee alone I see,
And hear alone thy sigh,
'Tis light, 'tis song to me,
'Tis all — when thou art nigh.

When thou art nigh, no thought
Of grief comes o'er my heart;
I only think — could aught
But joy be where thou art?
Life seems a waste of breath,
When far from thee I sigh;
And death — ay, even death
Were sweet, if thou wert nigh.

SONG OF A HYPERBOREAN.

I COME from a land in the sun-bright deep,
Where golden gardens grow ;
Where the winds of the north, becalm'd in sleep,
Their conch-shells never blow.*
Haste to that holy Isle with me,
Haste — haste !

So near the track of the stars are we †,
That oft, on night's pale beams,
The distant sounds of their harmony
Come to our ear, like dreams.
Then, haste to that holy Isle with me, &c. &c.

* On the Tower of the Winds, at Athens, there is a conch-shell placed in the hands of Boreas. — See *Stuart's Antiquities*. “The north wind,” says Herodotus, in speaking of the Hyperboreans, “never blows with them.”

† “Sub ipso siderum cardine jacent.” — POMPON. MELA.

The Moon, too, brings her world so nigh *,
That when the night-seer looks
To that shadowless orb, in a vernal sky,
He can number its hills and brooks.

Then, haste, &c. &c.

To the Sun-god all our hearts and lyres †
By day, by night, belong ;
And the breath we draw from his living fires,
We give him back in song.

Then, haste, &c. &c.

From us descends the maid who brings
To Delos gifts divine ;
And our wild bees lend their rainbow wings
To glitter on Delphi's shrine. ‡
Then, haste to that holy Isle with me,
Haste —— haste !

* “ They can shew the moon very near.” — *Diodor. Sicul.*

† *Hecatæus* tells us, that this Hyperborean island was dedicated to Apollo ; and most of the inhabitants were either priests or songsters.

‡ *Pausan.*

THOU BIDST ME SING.

THOU bidst me sing the lay I sung to thee
In other days, ere joy had left this brow ;
But think, though still unchanged the notes may be,
How diff'rent feels the heart that breathes them
now !

The rose thou wear'st to-night is still the same
We saw this morning on its stem so gay ;
But, ah ! that dew of dawn, that breath which came
Like life o'er all its leaves, hath pass'd away.

Since first that music touch'd thy heart and mine,
How many a joy and pain o'er both have past, —
The joy, a light too precious long to shine,
The pain, a cloud whose shadows always last.
And though that lay would like the voice of home
Breathe o'er our ear, 'twould waken now a sigh —
Ah ! not, as then, for fancied woes to come,
But, sadder far, for real bliss gone by.

CUPID ARMED.

PLACE the helm on thy brow,
In thy hand take the spear ;—
Thou art arm'd, Cupid, now,
And thy battle-hour is near.

March on ! march on ! thy shaft and bow
Were weak against such charms ;
March on ! march on ! so proud a foe
Scorns all but martial arms.

See the darts in her eyes,
Tipt with scorn, how they shine !
Ev'ry shaft, as it flies,
Mocking proudly at thine.
March on ! march on ! thy feather'd darts
Soft bosoms soon might move ;
But ruder arms to ruder hearts
Must teach what 'tis to love.

Place the helm on thy brow;
In thy hand take the spear,—
Thou art arm'd, Cupid, now,
And thy battle-hour is near.

ROUND THE WORLD GOES.

ROUND the world goes, by day and night,
While with it also round go we;
And in the flight of one day's light
An image of all life's course we see.
Round, round, while thus we go round,
The best thing a man can do,
Is to make it, at least, a *merry-go-round*,
By—sending the wine round too.

Our first gay stage of life is when
Youth, in its dawn, salutes the eye—
Season of bliss! Oh, who wouldn't then
Wish to cry, “Stop!” to earth and sky?
But, round, round, both boy and girl
Are whisk'd through that sky of blue;
And much would their hearts enjoy the whirl,
If—their heads didn't whirl round too.

Next, we enjoy our glorious noon,
Thinking all life a life of light;
But shadows come on, 'tis evening soon,
And, ere we can say, "How short!" — 'tis night.
Round, round, still all goes round,
Ev'n while I'm thus singing to you;
And the best way to make it a *merry-go-round*,
Is to — chorus my song round too.

OH, DO NOT LOOK SO BRIGHT AND BLEST.

OH, do not look so bright and blest,
For still there comes a fear,
When brow like thine looks happiest,
That grief is then most near.
There lurks a dread in all delight,
A shadow near each ray,
That warns us then to fear their flight,
When most we wish their stay.
Then look not thou so bright and blest,
For ah ! there comes a fear,
When brow like thine looks happiest,
That grief is then most near.

Why is it thus that fairest things
The soonest fleet and die?—
That when most light is on their wings,
They're then but spread to fly!
And, sadder still, the pain will stay—
The bliss no more appears;

As rainbows take their light away,
And leave us but the tears !
Then look not thou so bright and blest,
For ah ! there comes a fear,
When brow like thine looks happiest,
That grief is then most near.

THE MUSICAL BOX.

“Look here,” said Rose, with laughing eyes,
“Within this box, by magic hid,
A tuneful Sprite imprison’d lies,
Who sings to me whene’er he’s bid.
Though roving once his voice and wing,
He’ll now lie still the whole day long;
Till thus I touch the magic spring—
Then hark, how sweet and blithe his song!”
(A symphony.)

“Ah, Rose,” I cried, “the poet’s lay
Must ne’er ev’n Beauty’s slave become;
Through earth and air his song may stray,
If all the while his heart’s at home.
And though in freedom’s air he dwell,
Nor bond nor chain his spirit knows,
Touch but the spring thou know’st so well,
And—hark, how sweet the love-song flows!”
(A symphony.)

Thus pleaded I for freedom's right;
But when young Beauty takes the field,
And wise men seek defence in flight,
The doom of poets is to yield.
No more my heart th' enchantress braves,
I'm now in Beauty's prison hid;
The Sprite and I are fellow-slaves,
And I, too, sing whene'er I'm bid.

WHEN TO SAD MUSIC SILENT YOU LISTEN.

WHEN to sad Music silent you listen,
And tears on those eyelids tremble like dew,
Oh, then there dwells in those eyes as they glisten
A sweet holy charm that mirth never knew.
But when some lively strain resounding
Lights up the sunshine of joy on that brow,
Then the young rein-deer o'er the hills bounding
Was ne'er in its mirth so graceful as thou.

When on the skies at midnight thou gazest,
A lustre so pure thy features then wear,
That, when to some star that bright eye thou raisest,
We feel 'tis thy home thou'rt looking for there.
But, when the word for the gay dance is given,
So buoyant thy spirit, so heartfelt thy mirth,
Oh then we exclaim, "Ne'er leave earth for heaven,
" But linger still here, to make heaven of earth."

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

FLY swift, my light gazelle,
To her who now lies waking,
To hear thy silver bell
The midnight silence breaking.
And, when thou com'st, with gladsome feet,
Beneath her lattice springing,
Ah, well she'll know how sweet
The words of love thou'rt bringing.

Yet, no—not words, for they
But half can tell love's feeling;
Sweet flowers alone can say
What passion fears revealing.
A once bright rose's wither'd leaf,
A tow'ring lily broken,—
Oh these may paint a grief
No words could e'er have spoken.

Not such, my gay gazelle,
The wreath thou speedest over
Yon moonlight dale, to tell
My lady how I love her.
And, what to her will sweeter be
Than gems the richest, rarest,—
From Truth's immortal tree*
One fadeless leaf thou bearest.

* The tree called in the East Amrita, or the Immortal.

THE DAWN IS BREAKING O'ER US.

THE dawn is breaking o'er us,
See, heaven hath caught its hue!
We've day's long light before us,
What sport shall we pursue?
The hunt o'er hill and lea?
The sail o'er summer sea?
Oh let not hour so sweet
Unwing'd by pleasure fleet.
The dawn is breaking o'er us,
See, heaven hath caught its hue!
We've day's long light before us,
What sport shall we pursue?

But see, while we're deciding,
What morning sport to play,
The dial's hand is gliding,
And morn hath pass'd away!

Ah, who'd have thought that noon
Would o'er us steal so soon,—
That morn's sweet hour of prime
Would last so short a time?
But come, we've day before us,
Still heaven looks bright and blue ;
Quick, quick, ere eve comes o'er us,
What sport shall we pursue ?

Alas ! why thus delaying ?
We're now at evening's hour ;
Its farewell beam is playing
O'er hill and wave and bower.
That light we thought would last,
Behold, ev'n now, 'tis past ;
And all our morning dreams
Have vanish'd with its beams !
But come ! 'twere vain to borrow
Sad lessons from this lay,
For man will be to-morrow—
Just what he's been to-day.

HERE AT THY TOMB.*

BY MELEAGER.

HERE, at thy tomb, these tears I shed,
Tears, which though vainly now they roll,
Are all love hath to give the dead,
And wept o'er thee with all love's soul ;—

Wept in remembrance of that light,
Which nought on earth, without thee, gives,
Hope of my heart ! now quench'd in night,
But dearer, dead, than aught that lives.

Where is she ? where the blooming bough
That once my life's sole lustre made ?
Torn off by death, 'tis with'ring now,
And all its flowers in dust are laid.

* Δακρυα σοι και νερβε δια χθονος, ^{τις} Ηλιωδωρα.
Ap. BRUNCK.

Oh earth ! that to thy matron breast
Hast taken all those angel charms,
Gently, I pray thee, let her rest,—
Gently, as in a mother's arms.

SALE OF CUPID.*

BY MELEAGER.

WHO'LL buy a little boy ? Look, yonder is he,
Fast asleep, sly rogue, on his mother's knee ;
So bold a young imp 'tisn't safe to keep,
So I'll part with him now, while he's sound asleep.
See his arch little nose, how sharp 'tis curled,
His wings, too, even in sleep unfurl'd ;
And those fingers, which still ever ready are found
For mirth or for mischief, to tickle, or wound.

He'll try with his tears your heart to beguile,
But never you mind — he's laughing all the while ;
For little he cares, so he has his own whim,
And weeping or laughing are all one to him.

* Πωλεισθω, και μαγρος ετ² εν κολποισι καθευδων.
Ap. BRUNCK. *Analect. xciv.*

His eye is as keen as the lightning's flash,
His tongue like the red bolt quick and rash;
And so savage is he, that his own dear mother
Is scarce more safe in his hands than another.

In short, to sum up this darling's praise,
He's a downright pest in all sorts of ways;
And if any one wants such an imp to employ,
He shall have a dead bargain of this little boy.
But see, the boy wakes — his bright tears flow —
His eyes seem to ask could I sell him? oh no,
Sweet child no, no — though so naughty you be,
You shall live evermore with my Lesbia and me.

TO WEAVE A GARLAND FOR THE ROSE.*

BY PAUL, THE SILENTIARY.

To weave a garland for the rose,
And think thus crown'd 'twould lovelier be,
Were far less vain than to suppose
That silks and gems add grace to thee.
Where is the pearl whose orient lustre
Would not, beside thee, look less bright ?
What gold could match the glossy cluster
Of those young ringlets full of light ?

Bring from the land, where fresh it gleams,
The bright blue gem of India's mine,
And see how soon, though bright its beams,
'Twill pale before one glance of thine :

* Οὐτε ῥόδων στεφανων επιδενεσσαι, οὐτε συ πεπλων.
Ap. BRUNCK. xvii.

Those lips, too, when their sounds have blest us
With some divine, mellifluous air,
Who would not say that Beauty's cestus
Had let loose all its witch'ries there? *

Here, to this conq'ring host of charms
I now give up my spell-bound heart,
Nor blush to yield ev'n Reason's arms,
When thou her bright-ey'd conq'ror art.
Thus to the wind all fears are given;
Henceforth those eyes alone I see,
Where Hope, as in her own blue heaven,
Sits beck'ning me to bliss and thee!

* —— καὶ ἡ μελιφυρτος εκεινη
Ηθεος ἄρμονιη, κεστος εφυ Παφιης.

WHY DOES SHE SO LONG DELAY?*

BY PAUL, THE SILENTIARY.

WHY does she so long delay?
Night is waning fast away;
Thrice have I my lamp renew'd,
Watching here in solitude.
Where can she so long delay?
Where, so long delay?

Vainly now have two lamps shone;
See the third is nearly gone†:
Oh that Love would, like the ray
Of that weary lamp, decay!
But no, alas, it burns still on,
Still, still, burns on.

* Δηθυνει Κλεοφαντις.
Ap. BRUNCK. xxviii.

† δε τριτος αρχεται ηδε
Λυγχος θοκλαζειν.

Gods, how oft the traitress dear
Swore, by Venus, she'd be here !
But to one so false as she
What is man or deity ?
Neither doth this proud one fear, —
No, neither doth she fear.

TWIN'ST THOU WITH LOFTY WREATH THY
BROW ?*

BY PAUL, THE SILENTIARY.

TWIN'ST thou with lofty wreath thy brow ?

Such glory then thy beauty sheds,
I almost think, while awed I bow,
'Tis Rhea's self before me treads.
Be what thou wilt, — this heart
Adores whate'er thou art !

Dost thou thy loosen'd ringlets leave,

Like sunny waves to wander free ?
Then, such a chain of charms they weave,
As draws my inmost soul from me.
Do what thou wilt, — I must
Be charm'd by all thou dost !

* Κεκρυφαλοι σφιγγουσι τεην τριχα;
Ap. BRUNCK. xxxiv.

Ev'n when, enwrapped in silvery veils *,
Those sunny locks elude the sight,—
Oh, not ev'n then their glory fails
To haunt me with its unseen light.
Change as thy beauty may,
It charms in every way.

For, thee the Graces still attend,
Presiding o'er each new attire,
And lending every dart they send
Some new, peculiar touch of fire.
Be what thou wilt,— this heart
Adores whate'er thou art !

* *Αργενναῖς οθονησι κατηρα βοστρυχα κενθεις.*

WHEN THE SAD WORD.*

BY PAUL, THE SILENTIARY.

WHEN the sad word, "Adieu," from my lip is nigh
falling,

And with it, Hope passes away,
Ere the tongue hath half breathed it, my fond heart
recalling

That fatal farewell, bids me stay.
For oh ! 'tis a penance so weary
One hour from thy presence to be,
That death to this soul were less dreary,
Less dark than long absence from thee.

Thy beauty, like Day, o'er the dull world breaking,
Brings life to the heart it shines o'er,
And, in mine, a new feeling of happiness waking,
Made light what was darkness before.

* Σωζέο σοι μελλων ενεπειν.

Ap. BRAUNCK. xxxix.

But mute is the Day's sunny glory,
While thine hath a voice*, on whose breath,
More sweet than the Syren's sweet story †,
My hopes hang, through life and through death !

* Ήματι γαρ σέο φεγγος δμοιον. αλλα το μεν που
Αφθογγον.

† Συ δ'εμοι και το λαλημα φερεις
Κεινο, το Σειρηνων γλυκιερωτερον.

MY MOPSA IS LITTLE.*

BY PHILODEMUS.

My Mopsa is little, my Mopsa is brown,
But her cheek is as smooth as the peach's soft down,
And, for blushing, no rose can come near her;
In short, she has woven such nets round my heart,
That I ne'er from my dear little Mopsa can part,—
Unless I can find one that's dearer.

Her voice hath a music that dwells on the ear,
And her eye from its orb gives a daylight so clear,
That I'm dazzled whenever I meet her;
Her ringlets, so curly, are Cupid's own net,
And her lips, oh their sweetness I ne'er shall forget—
Till I light upon lips that are sweeter.

* Μικρη και μελανευσα Φιλοδημος.

Ap. BRUNCK. x.

But 'tis not her beauty that charms me alone,
'Tis her mind, 'tis that language whose eloquent tone
From the depths of the grave could revive one:
In short, here I swear, that if death were her doom,
I would instantly join my dead love in the tomb—
Unless I could meet with a live one.

STILL, LIKE DEW IN SILENCE FALLING.*

BY MELEAGER.

STILL, like dew in silence falling,
Drops for thee the nightly tear;
Still that voice the past recalling,
Dwells, like echo, on my ear,
Still, still !

Day and night the spell hangs o'er me,
Here for ever fix'd thou art;
As thy form first shone before me,
So 'tis graven on this heart,
Deep, deep !

Love, oh Love, whose bitter sweetness,
Dooms me to this lasting pain,

* Αἱει μοι δύνει μέν εν σιωσιν τήχος Ερωτος.
Ap. BRUNCK. l.ii.

Thou who cam'st with so much fleetness,
Why so slow to go again? *
Why? why?

* Ω πτανοί, μη καὶ ποτ' εφιπτασθαι μεν, Ερωτες,
Οιδατ', αποπτηναι δ' ουδ ὁσον ισχνετε.

UP, SAILOR BOY, 'TIS DAY.

Up, sailor boy, 'tis day !
The west wind blowing,
The spring tide flowing,
Summon thee hence away.

Didst thou not hear yon soaring swallow sing ?
Chirp, chirp,—in every note he seem'd to say
'Tis Spring, 'tis Spring.

Up boy, away, —
Who'd stay on land to-day ?
The very flowers
Would from their bowers
Delight to wing away !

Leave languid youths to pine
On silken pillows ;
But be the billows
Of the great deep thine.

Hark, to the sail the breeze sings, "Let us fly;"
While soft the sail, replying to the breeze,
Says, with a yielding sigh,
" Yes, where you please."
Up, boy ! the wind, the ray,
The blue sky o'er thee,
The deep before thee,
All cry aloud, " Away !"

IN MYRTLE WREATHS.

BY ALCEUS.

In myrtle wreaths my votive sword I'll cover,
Like them of old whose one immortal blow
Struck off the galling fetters that hung over
Their own bright land, and laid her tyrant low.
Yes, lov'd Harmodius, thou'rt undying;
Still midst the brave and free,
In isles, o'er ocean lying,
Thy home shall ever be.

In myrtle leaves my sword shall hide its lightning,
Like his, the youth, whose ever-glorious blade
Leap'd forth like flame, the midnight banquet
bright'ning,
And in the dust a despot victim laid.
Blest youths, how bright in Freedom's story
Your wedded names shall be;
A tyrant's death your glory,
Your meed, a nation free!

ASK NOT IF STILL I LOVE.

Ask not if still I love,
Too plain these eyes have told thee ;
Too well their tears must prove
How near and dear I hold thee.
If, where the brightest shine,
To see no form but thine,
To feel that earth can show
No bliss above thee,—
If this be love, then know
That thus, that thus, I love thee.

'Tis not in pleasure's idle hour
That thou can'st know affection's pow'r.
No, try its strength in grief or pain ;
Attempt, as now, its bonds to sever,
Thou'l find true love's a chain
That binds for ever !

DEAR? YES,

DEAR? yes, tho' mine no more,
Ev'n this but makes thee dearer;
And love, since hope is o'er,
But draws thee nearer.

Change as thou wilt to me,
The same thy charm must be;
New loves may come to weave
Their witchery o'er thee,
Yet still, though false, believe
That I adore thee, yes, still adore thee.
Think'st thou that aught but death could end
A tie not falsehood's self can rend?
No, when alone, far off I die,
No more to see, no more caress thee,
Ev'n then, my life's last sigh
Shall be to bless thee, yes, still to bless thee.

UNBIND THEE, LOVE.

UNBIND thee, love, unbind thee, love,
From those dark ties unbind thee ;
Though fairest hand the chain hath wove,
Too long its links have twined thee.
Away from earth ! — thy wings were made
In yon mid-sky to hover,
With earth beneath their dove-like shade,
And heav'n all radiant over.

Awake thee, boy, awake thee, boy,
Too long thy soul is sleeping ;
And thou may'st from this minute's joy
Wake to eternal weeping.
Oh, think, this world is not for thee ;
Though hard its links to sever ;
Though sweet and bright and dear they be,
Break, or thou'rt lost for ever.

THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE.

(A BUFFO SONG.)

THERE'S something strange, I know not what,
 Come o'er me,
Some phantom I've for ever got
 Before me.

I look on high, and in the sky
 'Tis shining ;
On earth, its light with all things bright
 Seems twining.
In vain I try this goblin's spells
 To sever ;
Go where I will, it round me dwells
 For ever.

And then what tricks by day and night
 It plays me
In ev'ry shape the wicked sprite
 Waylays me.

Sometimes like two bright eyes of blue

 'Tis glancing;

Sometimes like feet, in slippers neat,

 Comes dancing.

By whispers round of every sort

 I'm taunted.

Never was mortal man, in short,

 So haunted.

NOT FROM THEE.

Not from thee the wound should come,
No, not from thee.

I care not what or whence my doom,
So not from thee !

Cold triumph ! first to make
This heart thy own ;

And then the mirror break
Where fix'd thou shin'st alone.

Nor from thee the wound should come,
Oh, not from thee.

I care not what, or whence, my doom,
So not from thee.

Yet no — my lips that wish recall ;
From thee, from thee —
If ruin o'er this head must fall,
'Twill welcome be.

Here to the blade I bare
This faithful heart;
Wound deep — thou'l find that there,
In every pulse thou art.
Yes from thee I'll bear it all:
If ruin be
The doom that o'er this heart must fall,
'Twere sweet from thee.

GUESS, GUESS.

I LOVE a maid, a mystic maid,
Whose form no eyes but mine can see ;
She comes in light, she comes in shade,
And beautiful in both is she,
Her shape in dreams I oft behold,
And oft she whispers in my ear
Such words as when to others told,
Awake the sigh, or wring the tear ; —
Then guess, guess, who she,
The lady of my love, may be.

I find the lustre of her brow,
Come o'er me in my darkest ways ;
And feel as if her voice, ev'n now,
Were echoing far off my lays.
There is no scene of joy or woe
But she doth gild with influence bright ;

And shed o'er all so rich a glow
As makes ev'n tears seem full of light:
Then guess, guess, who she,
The lady of my love, may be.

WHEN LOVE, WHO RULED.

WHEN Love, who ruled as Admiral o'er
His rosy mother's isles of light,
Was cruising off the Paphian shore,
A sail at sunset hove in sight.
"A chase, a chase ! my Cupids all,"
Said Love, the little Admiral.

Aloft the winged sailors sprung,
And, swarming up the mast like bees,
The snow-white sails expanding flung,
Like broad magnolias to the breeze.
"Yo ho, yo ho, my Cupids all!"
Said Love, the little Admiral.

The chase was o'er — the bark was caught,
The winged crew her freight explored;
And found 'twas just as Love had thought,
For all was contraband aboard.

“ A prize, a prize, my Cupids all ! ”
Said Love, the little Admiral.

Safe stow'd in many a package there,
And labell'd slyly o'er, as “ Glass,”
Were lots of all th' illegal ware,
Love's Custom-House forbids to pass.
“ O'erhaul, o'erhaul, my Cupids all,”
Said Love, the little Admiral.

False curls they found, of every hue,
With rosy blushes ready made ;
And teeth of ivory, good as new,
For veterans in the smiling trade.
“ Ho ho, ho ho, my Cupids all,”
Said Love, the little Admiral.

Mock sighs, too,—kept in bags for use,
Like breezes bought of Lapland seers,—
Lay ready here to be let loose,
When wanted, in young spinsters' ears.
“ Ha ha, ha ha, my Cupids all,”
Said Love, the little Admiral.

False papers next on board were found,
Sham invoices of flames and darts,
Professedly for Paphos bound,
But meant for Hymen's golden marts.
" For shame, for shame, my Cupids all!"
Said Love, the little Admiral.

Nay, still to every fraud awake,
Those pirates all Love's signals knew,
And hoisted oft his flag, to make
Rich wards and heiresses *bring-to.**
" A foe, a foe, my Cupids all!"
Said Love, the little Admiral.

" This must not be," the boy exclaims,
" In vain I rule the Paphian seas,
" If Love's and Beauty's sovereign names
" Are lent to cover frauds like these.
" Prepare, prepare, my Cupids all!"
Said Love, the little Admiral.

Each Cupid stood with lighted match—
A broadside struck the smuggling foe,

* " To *BRING-TO*, to check the course of a ship."—*Falconer.*

And swept the whole unhallow'd batch
Of Falsehood to the depths below.
" Huzza, huzza ! my Cupids all !"
Said Love, the little Admiral.

STILL THOU Fliest.

STILL thou fliest, and still I woo thee,
 Lovely phantom,—all in vain ;
Restless ever, my thoughts pursue thee,
 Fleeting ever, thou mock'st their pain.
Such doom, of old, that youth betided,
 Who wooed, he thought, some angel's charms,
But found a cloud that from him glided,—
 As thou dost from these out-stretched arms.

Scarce I've said, " How fair thou shinest,"
 Ere thy light hath vanish'd by ;
And 'tis when thou look'st divinest
 Thou art still most sure to fly.
Ev'n as the lightning, that, dividing
 The clouds of night, saith, " Look on me,"
Then flits again, its splendour hiding,—
 Ev'n such the glimpse I catch of thee.

THEN FIRST FROM LOVE.

THEN first from Love, in Nature's bow'rs,
Did Painting learn her fairy skill,
And cull the hues of loveliest flow'rs,
To picture woman lovelier still.
For vain was ev'ry radiant hue,
Till Passion lent a soul to art,
And taught the painter, ere he drew,
To fix the model in his heart.

Thus smooth his toil awhile went on,
Till, lo, one touch his art defies ;
The brow, the lip, the blushes shone,
But who could dare to paint those eyes ?
'Twas all in vain the painter strove ;
So turning to that boy divine,
"Here take," he said, "the pencil, Love,
"No hand should paint such eyes, but thine."

HUSH, SWEET LUTE.

HUSH, sweet Lute, thy songs remind me
Of past joys, now turn'd to pain ;
Of ties that long have ceased to bind me,
But whose burning marks remain.

In each tone, some echo falleth
On my ear of joys gone by ;
Ev'ry note some dream recalleth
Of bright hopes but born to die.

Yet, sweet Lute, though pain it bring me,
Once more let thy numbers thrill ;
Though death were in the strain they sing me,
I must woo its anguish still.
Since no time can e'er recover
Love's sweet light when once 'tis set, —
Better to weep such pleasures over,
Than smile o'er any left us yet.

BRIGHT MOON.

BRIGHT moon, that high in heav'n art shining,
All smiles, as if within thy bower to-night
Thy own Endymion lay reclining,
And thou would'st wake him with a kiss of
light!—

By all the bliss thy beam discovers,
By all those visions far too bright for day,
Which dreaming bards and waking lovers
Behold, this night, beneath thy ling'ring ray,—

I pray thee, queen of that bright heaven,
Quench not to-night thy love-lamp in the sea,
Till Anthe, in this bower, hath given
Beneath thy beam, her long-vow'd kiss to me.
Guide hither, guide her steps benighted,
Ere thou, sweet moon, thy bashful crescent hide;
Let Love but in this bow'r be lighted,
Then shroud in darkness all the world beside.

LONG YEARS HAVE PASS'D.

LONG years have pass'd, old friend, since we
First met in life's young day;
And friends long loved by thee and me,
Since then have dropp'd away;—
But enough remain to cheer us on,
And sweeten, when thus we're met,
The glass we fill to the many gone,
And the few who're left us yet.

Our locks, old friend, now thinly grow,
And some hang white and chill;
While some, like flow'rs 'mid Autumn's snow,
Retain youth's colour still.
And so, in our hearts, though one by one,
Youth's sunny hopes have set,
Thank heav'n, not all their light is gone,—
We've some to cheer us yet.

Then here's to thee, old friend, and long
 May thou and I thus meet,
To brighten still with wine and song
 This short life, ere it fleet.
And still as death comes stealing on,
 Let's never, old friend, forget,
Ev'n while we sigh o'er blessings gone,
 How many are left us yet.

DREAMING FOR EVER.

DREAMING for ever, vainly dreaming,
Life to the last pursues its flight ;
Day hath its visions fairly beaming,
But false as those of night.
The one illusion, the other real,
But both the same brief dreams at last ;
And when we grasp the bliss ideal,
Soon as it shines, 'tis past.

Here, then, by this dim lake reposing,
Calmly I'll watch, while light and gloom
Flit o'er its face till night is closing—
Emblem of life's short doom !
But though, by turns, thus dark and shining,
'Tis still unlike man's changeful day,
Whose light returns not, once declining,
Whose cloud, once come, will stay.

THOUGH LIGHTLY SOUNDS THE SONG I
SING.

A SONG OF THE ALPS.

THOUGH lightly sounds the song I sing to thee,
Though like the lark's its soaring music be,
Thou'l find ev'n here some mournful note that tells
How near such April joy to weeping dwells.
'Tis 'mong the gayest scenes that oft'nest steal
Those saddening thoughts we fear, yet love to feel;
And music never half so sweet appears,
As when her mirth forgets itself in tears.

Then say not thou this Alpine song is gay—
It comes from hearts that, like their mountain-lay,
Mix joy with pain, and oft when pleasure's breath
Most warms the surface, feel most sad beneath.
The very beam in which the snow-wreath wears
Its gayest smile is that which wins its tears,—
And passion's pow'r can never lend the glow
Which wakens bliss, without some touch of woe.

THE RUSSIAN LOVER.

FLEETLY o'er the moonlight snows
Speed we to my lady's bow'r;
Swift our sledge as lightning goes,
Nor shall stop till morning's hour.
Bright, my steed, the northern star
Lights us from yon jewell'd skies;
But, to greet us, brighter far,
Morn shall bring my lady's eyes.

Lovers, lull'd in sunny bow'rs,
Sleeping out their dream of time,
Know not half the bliss that's ours,
In this snowy, icy clime.
Like yon star that livelier gleams
From the frosty heavens around,
Love himself the keener beams
When with snows of coyness crown'd.

Fleet then on, my merry steed,
Bound, my sledge, o'er hill and dale;—
What can match a lover's speed?
See, 'tis daylight, breaking pale!
Brightly hath the northern star
Lit us from yon radiant skies;
But, behold, how brighter far
Yonder shine my lady's eyes!

END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

LONDON :
Printed by A. SPOTTISWOODE,
New-Street-Square.

